

The Listener

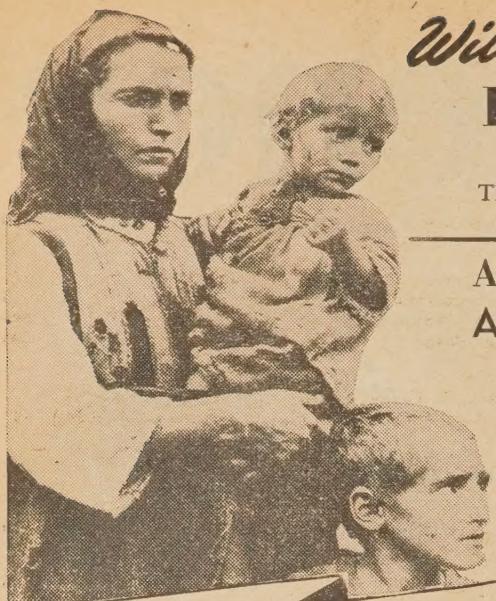
Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



Shakespeare's birthday: the monument by Lord Ronald Gower at Stratford-on-Avon

In this number:

- The 'American Peace Offensive' (Joseph Harsch)
- The Revolt of the Children (Manya Harari)
- Problems of Three-Dimensional Films (W. D. Wright)



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The Listener

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CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:

The 'American Peace Offensive' (Joseph Harsch) ...	663
An Industrial Revolution in Wales (Bertram Mycock) ...	665
'The Eternal Triangle' (Denis Healey) ...	667
The Revolt of the Children (Manya Harari) ...	672

THE LISTENER:

Andante ...	668
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ...	668

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

Royal Ships (Commander Thomas Woodrooffe) ...	669
Mr. Cox's Apple (Geoffrey Bright) ...	669
Spinning Through the Centuries (Vernon' Noble) ...	670
Dinner Hour for the Limpet (John Colman) ...	670

HELLENISM AND THE MODERN WORLD—II:

Historical Hellenism (Gilbert Murray, O.M.) ...	671
---	-----

POEM:

Photographs in a Railway Compartment (James Kirkup) ...	673
---	-----

TRANSPORT:

Twentieth-century Railway Racing (Cecil J. Allen) ...	674
Pleasures of Travelling Slowly (Moray McLaren) ...	688

THE CINEMA:

Problems of Three-Dimensional Films (W. D. Wright) ...	676
--	-----

PHILOSOPHY:

Psychology and Religion (R. J. Z. Werblowsky) ...	677
---	-----

NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK

...	680
LITERATURE:	
The Idea of Don Juan (V. S. Pritchett) ...	682
My First Novel (Emma Smith) ...	685
The Listener's Book Chronicle ...	691
New Novels (Simon Raven) ...	695

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Geoffrey Baker, R. Taylor, Geoffrey Williamson, J. D. Pole, J. Guilfoyle Williams, David M. Craig, and Elizabeth Hubbard	683
---	-----

SCIENCE:

The Navigation of Birds (G. V. T. Matthews) ...	686
---	-----

ART:

An Exhibition of Mural Painting (Eric Newton) ...	690
---	-----

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

Television (Philip Hope-Wallace) ...	696
Broadcast Drama (J. C. Trewin) ...	697
The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong) ...	697
Broadcast Music (Dyneley Hussey) ...	697

MUSIC:

Bruckner, Mahler, and Reger (Donald Mitchell) ...	698
---	-----

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

...	699
-------------	-----

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

...	699
-------------	-----

CROSSWORD NO. 1,199

...	699
-------------	-----

The 'American Peace Offensive'

By JOSEPH HARSCH

SINCE Thursday last, a wide variety of labels have been placed upon that operation in high foreign policy which President Eisenhower launched upon that day. The American Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, has called it an 'American peace offensive'.

The idea that the United States has taken the initiative in a peace offensive away from the Russians is an appealing idea to many Americans, particularly to Republicans who have been in political power here for three months, and who like to be told that during this time they have already achieved good and important things. Mr. Dulles contended that the so-called Eisenhower peace offensive was made possible by the accomplishments of the first three months of Republican Party government. Thus the Dulles gloss upon the Eisenhower text was designed to be pleasant to Republican ears, and I think it is fair to say that the Dulles gloss was intended exclusively to make the Eisenhower speech thus attractive to Republican ears. Someone had to do this because the speech itself, and the operation which it launched, was not the work of politicians or of politics. It had not a trace of domestic American politics in it. It was strictly the end product of the work of professional diplomats. In fact, it represented the triumph of the professional civil service over Republican campaign partisanship, and the triumph of non-partisan national policy over partisan assumptions about national policy.

It was necessary for some Republican to try to reconcile the Eisenhower speech with Republicanism, and that not easy task was assigned to Mr. Dulles. I say this at some length because there

does appear to be a discrepancy, at least in mood, between the Eisenhower speech and the Dulles gloss which followed after it. And to me it seems important that the contrast be understood as representing only an operation in trying to make a major move in foreign policy digestible by Republicans on Capitol Hill, not as reflecting any conflict in American policy, or any backing away by the American Government from the great undertaking launched by the President on Thursday last.

The operation itself should be understood for what it is, an exploration of possibilities of obtaining settlements with the Chinese and with the Russians. The speech itself was only one part of the operation: it was preceded by conclusion of the arrangements for the exchange of sick and wounded prisoners in Korea. It was followed by the decision to resume truce talks at Panmunjom. The speech has been officially designated as a state paper. The attention of governments the world around has been called to the speech, and to the operation of which the speech is the clarifying and the identifying element.

At the time of Stalin's death, two conflicting inclinations developed inside the new American Government. One group of men, new men brought to Washington from the political campaign, conceived the idea of launching a great propaganda operation, to attempt to overturn the Russian Government. This was a logical sequel to the Republican Party's campaign talk of last year. This group prepared a draft of an Eisenhower speech. The proposed text was completed about two weeks after Stalin's death, and it was sent over to the Department of State. At that time it was

contemplated that the speech would be delivered almost at once; but at that point two other elements entered into the equation. One was the application of the professional diplomatic mind to a text drafted by non-professionals. The other was the emerging pattern of events behind the Iron Curtain. The propaganda-approach group had expected signs of a popular revolt in Russia against the new Russian Government. Such signs of revolt failed to materialise, but other unexpected things did happen. The Chinese agreed to the exchange of sick and wounded, and proposed renewal of the truce talks. The Russians began behaving in unexpected and unfamiliar manner.

The professional diplomats of the State Department, unpersuaded of the soundness of the original concept, held up the speech, and began working out their own ideas of the kind of operation suited to the situation. To these professional diplomats the matter was much too serious to be hindered by propagandists, or to be dealt with by an essentially propagandist approach. The professional diplomats doubted profoundly the existence of a situation which would lead to any revolt of the Russian people against their new Government. They did believe that the American Government should draw up the terms of a peace settlement which the United States itself would be willing to accept and to live with, if by any remote chance the terms might prove acceptable to the Russians. And they did believe that carefully drafted terms for a general settlement should be made public in the most impressive manner possible.

These two conflicting approaches to the problem came into long and strenuous conflict. The issue between them was not resolved until three days before the Eisenhower speech was delivered. It was on the Monday of last week, April 13, that the President sat down to choose between the two approaches, and the two entirely different speeches. In effect, his choice was between a cold war tactic designed to undermine the Russian Government, and a high policy strategy of offering to negotiate with the Russian Government.

An Honest Offer

The President elected the course of offering to negotiate with the Russian Government. I cannot underline too heavily that fact; that the speech is an honest, *bona fide* offer to negotiate with and to settle; there is no proposal in the speech which the Eisenhower Government is not prepared to stand by and to live with if the Russians should accept the terms. Whether a settlement can possibly come out of the proposal is another matter. I can judge no more than you the ultimate response of the Russians. But American diplomacy put into that speech real and important concessions to Russia. The diplomats put in, for example, the statement that it is indefensible for any nation to attempt to dictate to other nations their form of government: this is a plain and honest offer to refrain from efforts to subvert the Russian Government if the Russians will desist from their efforts to subvert western Governments.

You see here the hallmark of the professional diplomat as opposed to the propagandist and the politician. You also see here the liberation of American foreign policy from the political campaign postures of the Republican Party. During the campaign, the Eisenhower Party talked much about a campaign to liberate the peoples of the Iron Curtain from their governments, which is, of course, another way of projecting a policy of attempting to subvert those governments. The same liberation of American foreign policy from the political campaign shows up in several other ways in the speech.

The President placed responsibility for the cold war upon the policies of the Stalin regime, not upon Yalta and Potsdam, Roosevelt and Truman, as Republicans did during the campaign. The President took the essential terms of his settlement offer from the pages of the Roosevelt-Truman record. The President's choice of words was meticulously free of emotional vehicles used so lavishly during the political campaign. There was not a single heat word in the whole text. Then note, also, a specific and purposeful inclusion in the text. The President referred to the stubborn and often amazing courage of the Soviet system during the second world war. In the early post-Stalin period, Moscow had admitted that the western countries had helped to win that war. The reference in the Eisenhower speech to courage on the Russian side was put in as an intentional and deserved courtesy in response to what may have been an intended courtesy from the other side.

Thus the new Government in Washington is launched on a major exploration of the possibilities of a general settlement. It does not attempt to assess the prospects of obtaining such a settlement. It merely recognises a possibility that the new Russian Government is

sincerely exploring in a constructive direction, and so Washington is meeting possible exploration with exploration.

Meantime, the Eisenhower Government is pressing ahead towards the more visible possibility of a specific settlement of the Korean war with Communist China. And in doing that, it is turning its back on the memories of the political campaign. It is not an easy thing for the leader of the Republican Party to move in a direction which means negotiating with the Communist Chinese Government. The Republican Party has for years made political capital out of the alleged fondness of the Truman Government for Chinese Communism. The domestic politics of the past had to be pushed firmly aside to make possible the decision to resume the Korean truce talks, and a price must be paid. The devoted friends of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek include influential members of the United States Senate. Six of the twelve Republicans and the powerful Senate Appropriations Committee are in this group: they are in a position to punish Eisenhower and Dulles if they ever do make a peace with Peking. The six dined here not long ago with Madame Chiang Kai-shek, and they lifted their glasses at the end of the feast to the Formosa slogan: 'Back to the mainland!'

There is an inevitable relationship between the condition I have just described, and the contrasting failure of the Eisenhower Government to keep politics out of the area of foreign trade policy. The President is committed to a policy of trade, not aid. Trade, not aid, means doing everything possible to allow friendly countries to earn dollars in the American market. Last week, President Eisenhower accepted a Cabinet decision in the chief Joseph Power Dam case, which denied to a British electrical firm a promising chance to earn American dollars. In this case, the high tariff tradition of the Republican Party came into conflict with Eisenhower's foreign trade policy, and the partisan impulse was allowed to win the decision.

To understand this, I would ask you to note that in the Senate of the United States, the inclination to what is called, for shorthand purposes, 'Formosa first-ism', happens to overlap the tendency to high tariff protectionism. The two are not essentially related, but they happen to be related. Most Formosa-firsters are high-tariff-ites. As a matter of party strategy, Mr. Eisenhower must not outrage or alienate both of these urges at the same time. If he defies the one, he must make a confession to the other. It may seem strange and irrational, but it is also true that when the English low-bidder on the chief Joseph Dam contracts lost the contract, he was the unintended and accidental victim of the President's decision to seek peace in Korea, and to explore the possibility of a broader settlement with Russia. The President had to pay a domestic political price for freedom to negotiate with the Chinese Communists, and to contemplate a settlement with Russia which did not involve unconditional surrender by Russia. The President bought relative immunity from the Formosa-firsters and from the extreme unconditional surrender wing of his own party, at the expense of his trade, not aid, policy, which was not absolutely necessary: the President could probably obtain a majority in Congress out of Democrats and Republican Liberals; but he does not desire to break completely with his own Republican right wing, so he made the concession to that right wing.

I hope that your own understanding of domestic political matters will make it possible for you to understand, if not to enjoy, the end result, and will cause you to feel that the President did put first things first.—*Home Service*

The B.B.C. Quarterly

THE SPRING NUMBER of *The B.B.C. Quarterly* (Vol. VIII, No. 1, price 2s. 6d.) has been published. Christopher Sykes writes on 'Historical Features Today', Nigel Balchin on 'The Unscripted Discussion', and R. Furneaux Jordan on 'Broadcasting and the Visual Arts'. Harman Grisewood, Director of the Spoken Word, B.B.C., contributes 'Some Personal Reflections on Leaving the Third Programme', and Seymour N. Siegel, President of the National Association of Educational Broadcasters, discusses 'Educational Broadcasting in the United States'. Television is the subject of two other articles: Maurice Wiggin considers 'The Future of Television: As a Critic Sees It', while John Dunkerley, Controller, Midland Region, B.B.C., examines 'Three Years of Television in the Midlands'. In addition there are two technical articles illustrated with graphs: 'The Influence of the Ionosphere on Medium-wave Broadcasting' by G. J. Phillips, and 'The Measurement of the Performance of Lenses' by W. N. Sproson.

An Industrial Revolution in Wales

By BERTRAM MYCOCK, B.B.C. industrial correspondent

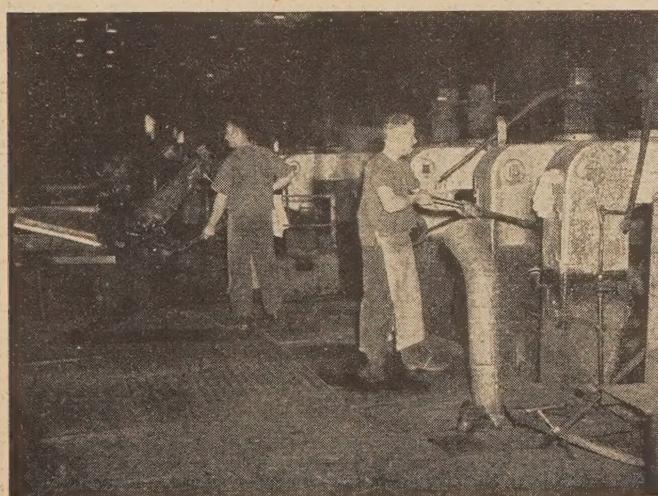
AN industrial revolution is going on in the narrow belt of land which lies between the hills and the sea on the coast of Glamorgan. It is a revolution that has brought remarkable changes in the industrial landscape and threatens to bring changes even more remarkable, and, in fact, downright depressing, in the lives of the people of that part of Wales. It all hinges on the fact that a way has been found of making tinplate where the work of seven men out of every eight can be saved. In and around the towns of Swansea and Llanelli, the staple industry for something like 200 years has been the making of tinplate, but a grave threat overhangs the future of the men and women of these towns now that mechanisation has invaded the handcraft. Towards the end of last year, about 19,000 people were working in the tinplate mills. Already the number has begun to dwindle, and we have it on the authority of Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, the Home Secretary, who is also the Minister for Welsh Affairs, that five years from now the old hand mills will be completely uneconomic. And Sir David has said that if there are no other changes during the next five years, this is going to mean unemployment for between 10,000 and 12,000 workers. That, then, is the measure of the problem: 19,000 workers, and more than half of them threatened with unemployment—the word they are using is 'redundancy'—within five years. Since the war, something between £70,000,000 and £80,000,000 has been spent in this part of Wales on two projects—the expansion of steel output at Port Talbot, and the building of the new tinplate works

at Trostre, near Llanelli. In these places I have just seen the wonder of machine production which brings output to new high levels, while employment remains the same or even declines disastrously.

One of the first essentials for a great exporting nation is a plentiful supply and a cheap supply of steel. Ever since the war, the steel industry in Britain has been striving to produce more and more steel, and at the same time to keep the price competitive. A few weeks ago the industry was able to claim that it had hit the target of its post-war plan, six months ahead of schedule. Steel production for 1952 was over 16,000,000 ingot tons, and with the knowledge that the Margam works at Port Talbot is now in full production, and that other, though less ambitious and costly, schemes are beginning to bear fruit in other parts of the country, the industry was able to forecast 17,500,000 tons in the coming year, and 20,000,000 or more within the next four or five years. Margam is now producing at least one-twelfth of the national output of steel, and how it achieves this is an industrial spectacle of the first order. To begin with, the size of the works—and the claim is that it is the biggest integrated steel works in the world—is in itself remarkable. The site is four-and-a-half miles from end to end, and the train from London carries you from new to old in that four-and-a-half miles. But the proper way to see the works is to start at the Port Talbot end, in the middle of something that really looks like a steel works, and to finish four miles away near Margam village, in part of the plant that might be any kind of industrial premises—any



Ladies emptying their molten contents into moulds at the Margam steel works, Port Talbot



Rolling process in one of the old-type hand mills of west Wales, and (right) the 'five-stand tandem cold mill' in the Trostre works



kind, that is, that needs massive new buildings whose windows carry half as much glass as they had in the old Crystal Palace.

The part that is really new about all this is the section where pig-iron is taken and made into steel, and steel, in its turn, is rolled out into strips and sheets. But the old section of the works has been modernised and extended in order to feed the mechanical monsters in the new buildings. Three blast furnaces have been rebuilt and made immensely more productive; the biggest set of coke ovens in the country has been built; a perfect maze of overhead conveyors has been put in to handle coal and coke and iron ore; and three transporters, with control cabins as big as Pullman cars on the railways, have been built to unload the ships which can make fast almost in the middle of the works, after their voyages from North Africa and Scandinavia and elsewhere.

The aim of all this was to increase the flow of pig-iron from the blast furnaces to the steelmaking furnaces. Actually, it never becomes 'pig' iron, because it is never poured into moulds and allowed to cool into those long grey bars they call 'pigs'. The ladles of molten iron are taken by train from the blast furnaces to the new part of the works, and the iron is poured into a mixer which is really the link between the end of the iron-making and the beginning of steel-making. Eight hundred tons of liquid iron are held in this mixer—something like a horizontal milk churn—which doles it out in seventy-ton lots into other ladles which take it down to the open-hearth furnaces. It is around these furnaces that the superb spectacle of steelmaking is to be seen by anyone lucky enough to arrive just at the time when the steel is pouring out. It is pretty spectacular on the other side of the line of furnaces—the side where scrap steel is pushed in, where the charges of limestone are fed, and where the liquid iron is poured with a regular firework display of crackling sparks and great waves of light and heat.

Drama of Immense Forces

But this is nothing more than the prelude—the curtain-raiser, if you like—to the terrifying drama of tapping the steel eight hours later. I stood to watch it on a gallery level with the furnaces, but overlooking the deep well where a 200-ton ladle was waiting to receive the steel. As the first gout of white-hot metal came gushing out, it was as though a winter morning had been turned into a tropical noon; a glaring white light filled the whole workshop; against it the figures of watching men were thrown into relief like cardboard cut-outs. It lit up the face of a crane driver sitting in his tiny cabin high in the roof. It played on the two enormous hooks which were soon to come down and pick up this 200 tons of liquid steel as easily as I might pick up a cup of tea. And as more and more steel poured out into the ladle, the grilling heat grew and grew, until one shrank into the shadows, unable to bear it any longer. It was over in five minutes—the drama of immense forces of heat and power, only barely under human control. The ladle was swung up and away, and a moment or two later it began pouring the steel into the moulds which would make the ingots, a dozen or twenty tons in weight.

The ingot goes on to become a slab, and the slab finishes either as heavy plates for the shipbuilders or as long strips of sheet, like immense rolls of stair-carpet, which eventually become motor-car bodies, cans, toys, pots and pans, and a thousand other everyday things. But the vivid drama of liquid metal is over; from now on the steel is lifeless—a mere pawn in a game played by men sitting in little glass offices, working levers, pressing buttons, and watching dials. The ingot is passed back and forth between rollers, and in a few moments it has become a slab a few inches thick and several yards long. It cools and is examined for cracks. Then comes a day when it goes back to the furnaces to make it more pliable for its last rolling. And if it is not destined for shipbuilding or heavy engineering, it ends this part of its life at Margam as a long strip, rolled out thinner than pastry, whizzing down a roadway of rollers at more than twenty miles an hour. At the end, it rushes on to a coiling machine and soon the steel stair-carpet, in a roll weighing seven tons, is on its way to Trostre, near Llanelli, where it is going to be made into tinplate.

Let us follow it there and see what happens next. But on the way to Llanelli we might call in at one of the old hand-mill works, and see how tinplate was made for 200 years until the continuous strip mill became the thing. It seems a crowded little workshop, after the vast open spaces of Margam. Dozens of men are at work—and it looks hard work at that—and there is nobody in a white overall pressing buttons and watching dials. The mill men work in teams of six; they have two small furnaces and two rolling mills which are nothing

like the shiny monsters at Margam. They look like overgrown mangles, and they have obviously been in use for many, many years. The raw material is steel in flat bars about six inches wide, and the process is to heat the bar and roll it over and over again. At intervals as it becomes thinner, it is folded over like a sheet of paper, until, after eight foldings, it has been squeezed out thin enough to be tinplated. This rolling is a job for men with both muscle and skill, because the red-hot steel, weighing forty pounds at a time, has to be handled constantly with long pincers. Further down the workshop is the place where the plates, having been trimmed to the traditional size, are coated with tin. Here you may find the odd conveyor belt giving the place some sort of modern air; but essentially it is still a manual job—dipping the plates into tanks of molten tin, and sorting and packing them afterwards. This crowded little works—the pattern of all the works which are due to be closed down at various times in the next five years—serves only to point the difference between the hand method and the machine method. When you go from the gloomy little workshop to the great industrial palace of Trostre, you are struck at once by two things—the quiet and the emptiness. For although the machines that you have come to see are big in themselves, they are dwarfed by the great height and the vast empty floor spaces of the buildings around them.

One of the first things to be done with the strip is to clean it in acid, and this is done in a tank so long that it has traffic lights at each end to tell the operators whether the strip is moving properly through the acid bath. The real heart of the Trostre works is a machine called the 'five-stand tandem cold mill.' Remembering the half-dozen men handling the metal in forty-pound lots, let us see what half-a-dozen men do with this machine. They take fifteen tons of steel strip, and without the help of a furnace they roll it out to one-eighth of its original thickness, and it comes out at the other end at fifty miles an hour, in a continuous strip five miles long.

The rest of the process is every bit as wonderful mechanically—but the completely automatic operation of the machines takes away all the drama. Queer things happen. At one point, when the plate has been re-heated to put back some of the structure of the steel after this mechanical processing, they bring the furnace to the steel instead of taking the steel to the furnace. The coils are piled on to a platform, and an oil-burning furnace like a huge box is lifted bodily and put over the top of the pile. The coating of tin is applied to the strip by an electrolytic process where speed is the essence of the job, and where an electric eye sorts out the imperfect sheets and throws them aside. One can see one of the important human aspects of this mechanisation problem by standing at any vantage point in the works and counting the number of men who are visible. In the old handmill, you might easily have counted 100 men crowded together at their jobs in a small floor space. But at Trostre, where the works is so big that you can barely see from end to end, you would be lucky if you could count twenty men in sight at any one time. And if the conventional type of tinplate worker is the powerfully built man in rough working clothes, wearing heavy gauntlets and stout footwear, the pattern at Trostre is different. Nearly all the men seemed to be under thirty years of age and the clothing they wear would be appropriate to almost any kind of factory life. The young men have taken more kindly to the tending of these tremendous machines. The craftsman has become the technician.

Machines Oust the Hand Workers

This one works alone has an output roughly equal to all the hand mills that are now left. The next step—and it has begun already—is the building of a second great tinplate works at Velindre, a few miles away. It will be equal in output to Trostre, and it will take over from the surviving hand mills and put them out of business, too. That is why the Minister for Welsh Affairs has said that economic production at the old hand works will be impracticable. The fact is that hand-made tinplate cannot be sold abroad in competition with machine-made tinplate, and as something like two-thirds of the industry's output goes to export, and as the home users of tinplate also prefer the machine-made product, five years from now may well see the end of two centuries of handcraftsmanship in the tinplate industry in south-west Wales. The men on the spot are watching developments with considerable anxiety. If distress and depression are not to hit this part of Britain again, there are five years' grace in which to create alternative work. Some of the hand workers will find work in the new tinplate factories. But what south-west Wales really needs, as everyone agrees, is an influx of new industry against the time when Velindre comes into production and finishes off the old hand mill industry for ever.—*Home Service*

'The Eternal Triangle'

DENIS HEALEY, M.P., on Britain's choice in foreign policy

I MUST say I enjoyed the candour with which M. Servan-Schreiber has put his case*. I hope my comment is equally straightforward. The whole of his argument really rested on one basic assumption. Britain, he says, must now choose finally between Europe and America. He knows we would prefer an Anglo-American alliance if we could get it. But he thinks we cannot. So we shall have to fall back on Europe, whether we like it or not. And the sooner we face it the better. I do not think it is unfair to say that that is the heart of M. Servan-Schreiber's case.

Gold for Gorgonzola

I must admit that as an Englishman I am always a little puzzled by the suggestion that at present we are somehow cut off from Europe. After all, we have recognised that our frontier is on the Elbe by putting nearly half our fighting troops in the heart of Europe in peace time—and nearly all our armoured striking force. It is the same with economic co-operation. During our most difficult post-war years we sent Europe nearly £1,000,000,000-worth of goods without immediate return. And the other day we decided to stay in the European Payments Union even though it often means paying gold for gorgonzola, as someone said. There is no question nowadays that Britain is vitally interested in keeping Europe both safe and sound.

So what exactly does the Continent mean when it asks us to join Europe? For M. Schuman it means submitting to supranational European authorities, such as the Schuman Plan and the European Army, in fact joining in the movement towards a European federation. But I think by now all the federalists know that, rightly or wrongly, that is one thing Britain will never do. So they have gone ahead without Britain—in the full knowledge that Britain will not join them. For three years the attempt to build a continental federation has been the basis of French foreign policy.

M. Servan-Schreiber tells us that this movement towards a continental federation is coming to a halt because France is unwilling to ratify the European Army treaty unless Britain is more closely associated with it. Little Europe, as the continental community is sometimes called, is doomed to fail unless it can somehow be transformed into Great Europe by getting Britain in—and the Commonwealth, as well. Of course this would mean dropping the supranational or federal approach. The Commonwealth countries would not tolerate for an instant supranational ties between themselves and Britain, never mind themselves and continental Europe. But even if the Continent did give up its federal ideas, I doubt whether the Commonwealth would want to tie itself much closer to Europe. The Strasbourg Plan for a Europe-Commonwealth economic bloc was presented to the Commonwealth Prime Ministers a few months ago. They were not even sufficiently interested to discuss it. After all, Europe is the Commonwealth's main competitor for world trade. What could Europe offer us to make up for the end of imperial preference?

France as a Wicked Imperialist

There are political difficulties, too. The new Asian members of the Commonwealth see France as a wicked imperialist power: she still clings to her colonies in India, for instance. Britain has already forfeited some Asian goodwill by supporting France in North Africa at the United Nations. If we brought Europe as a whole into direct political and economic association with the Commonwealth, we might drive India out.

Then we come to the biggest difficulty of all. The aims of M. Servan-Schreiber's Great Europe are (I quote him): 'To acquire its financial independence by establishing its trade with the dollar area at a reduced level, and to limit the consequences of the conflict between America and Russia, rather than control it'. In other words, solvency by long-term discrimination against the dollar, and neutrality in the Cold War—the classical doctrine of the Third Force. Both these aims are incompatible with the vital interests of the Commonwealth.

The recent Commonwealth Economic Conference showed that the Commonwealth countries would not support a policy based on discrimination and a low level of trade with the dollar area. After all, why should they? Canada is actually in the dollar area herself, and several others earn a lot of dollars. Why should Australia or the Gold Coast earn dollars for the sterling area pool if they are condemned indefinitely to forgo American goods in favour of European goods which may suit them less and cost them more? If the sterling area once finally abandons the search for convertibility at a high level of trade, it will break up. Political isolation from America is even less conceivable. Australia and New Zealand have recently demonstrated that for defence they depend more on America than on Britain. Canada is an integral part of the North American defence system. The Asian members of the Commonwealth cannot hope to raise their living standards quickly without a flow of American money.

In any case, the conception of a Europe-Commonwealth Third Force is based on a misreading of post-war history and a misunderstanding of Soviet policy. It assumes that the Cold War is a private quarrel between Russia and America and does not really concern Europe. The first target of Soviet expansion in the west was Europe. She is still, and will remain so, if only because she lies just across the frontiers of the Soviet Empire. America came under heavy fire from Russia only after she began to help Europe to resist. A Third Force policy which led to the withdrawal of American troops from Europe—indeed, aimed at it—would leave Europe helpless. Without America, Europe could defend itself against the Soviet world only on one condition, that Germany was providing most of the troops—say thirty or forty divisions. And this brings us to the heart of the problem as it presents itself today. The revival of western Germany as the strongest single power on the Continent is changing the whole pattern of world politics. Stalin recognised before his death, and it is one of the major factors behind the new shift in Soviet policy.

Locked Up in a Haunted Room

There is no mystery about French reluctance to act without Britain. It is not, as M. Servan-Schreiber said, strangely irrational. It springs from the growing realisation that a purely continental community will not, as originally hoped, be an instrument for controlling Germany. It will be an instrument by which Germany can control the Continent. To take one example, General de Gaulle recently pointed out that, because of Hitler's drive to raise the birth-rate, in the next fifteen years Germany will be producing a third more young men of military age than France. So France is feeling like the man in the story who had to spend a night in a haunted room. He locked the door, barred the windows, blocked the fireplace, tested the walls, looked in the cupboards and under the bed. When he was finally satisfied that there was no way in which anything could conceivably get in, he hopped into bed and turned out the light. And a horrible little voice said in his ear: 'So now we're locked in for the night'.

Yet you cannot solve the German problem by trying to prevent Germany from recovering her equality, and with it the influence which naturally derives from her population and resources. M. Schuman was profoundly right in trying to create a framework in which Germany could be equal with her neighbours. He was wrong in constructing that framework along federal lines, which excluded Britain, America, and Scandinavia in advance. For Germany was bound to dominate any purely continental framework. What we need is a framework in which Germany can achieve equality without predominance.

M. Servan-Schreiber, like most of his countrymen, would like Britain to join the Continent as a counterpoise to Germany. But even if Britain did join Europe in this sense, she could not commit herself in advance always to support France against Germany. And if she did, this would not be enough to keep Germany under control. The last two world wars have proved that there is no purely European solution to the German problem. Each time Germany's defeat was impossible until

(continued on page 679)

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

Andante

IN an age when, as someone has said, people think they are losing time if they miss one section of a revolving door, the pleasures of travelling slowly are hardly likely to make an immediate, still less an instinctive, appeal. To consider such pleasures might even be thought by some to be a waste of time—though we ourselves hasten (fashionably enough) to suggest that a few minutes given to pondering Mr. Moray McLaren's reflections on the subject, reproduced in our columns this week, would be moments profitably spent. It was, if one remembers, Mr. Churchill who, after observing that you could now travel round the world in three or four days, added 'It's true you won't see very much of it'—thereby promoting the thought that wonderful as it is and thrilling as it must be to travel at high speed, the world is still worth looking at.

The thought is not a new one. 'All travelling becomes dull', wrote Ruskin, 'in exact proportion to its rapidity. Going by railroad I do not consider as travelling at all; it is merely "being sent" to a place, and very little different from becoming a parcel'. One has heard travellers in aeroplanes testify to the dullness of that form of voyaging, and it is a truism that the best way to see a country, to get to know its people, to absorb its natural beauties, is to go on foot, or if not on foot by some slow-moving means of transport. Are walking tours as popular as they once were? One hopes they are but fancies they are not. And is man not losing more than he is gaining if in his passion for quick travel he comes to despise in his mind the simpler but now outmoded ways of journeying? The traveller even as recently as the early days of this century had, it is true, by modern standards a great deal to put up with in the way of fuss and botheration (though less than he has today in the matter of passports). His journey was not streamlined as some journeys are with us. Yet, when all is said, your traveller in those days certainly had more time to look about him, more opportunity to let his mind dwell on the passing scene, and if his eye caught an object of interest it did not flash by before he had a chance to take it in.

Such musings will no doubt strike some readers as either sentimental or hopelessly nostalgic—anyway as 'out of touch'. But need they in fact be anything of the sort? The gadgets and contrivances we most of us resort to—and very useful some of them are too—help us to get through or round much of life's drudgery. Whether they help us towards a richer vision of life, towards a deeper understanding of its problems, to say nothing of its significance, is another question—to which the answer might well be that they were never meant to. That is not their intention. All the same the tools that a man uses, the devices he employs, do much to condition his outlook. He who travels fast gets out of the way of seeing his surroundings. He might almost be said to be out of the way of knowing—or in any mature way caring—the kind of world that he is living in. Speed, as one of the principal elements in life, comes to be the only thing that matters—which, if one is inclined to take a cynical view, is perhaps as well. For, as Mr. McLaren reminds us, the older one grows the more quickly the days and weeks flicker by; so that if one has a penchant for speed, one may enjoy the sensation of growing old, if not gracefully, at least in a hurry. Others may prefer to echo one of the most tragic lines a poet ever wrote:

O lente lente currite noctis equi!

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on President Eisenhower's speech

COMMENTATORS ALL OVER the free world were almost unanimous in welcoming President Eisenhower's speech and expressing the hope that the new Soviet leaders would respond to his programme of world peace and prosperity. Even circles often critical of American policy were enthusiastic. Thus west German broadcasts reported the Social Democratic leader, Herr Ollenhauer, as saying that if the plan became a reality it would be one of the most substantial contributions towards world peace and security yet made by the democracies. From France the socialist *L'Aurore* was quoted as stating that the United States had now given proof of its goodwill. And the left-wing independent *Franc-Tireur* was quoted as commenting:

Will the Kremlin reject Eisenhower's new Marshall Plan for peace as it rejected the Marshall Plan in 1947? The test will be simple enough: if the Soviet press publishes the speech, we shall be able to say that things have changed indeed.

In fact, the Soviet press was prompt to publish reports of the speech, as also Mr. Churchill's speech whole-heartedly supporting the President's programme. Soviet comment up to the time of writing has confined itself to only mild criticisms. Thus *Pravda* was quoted by Moscow radio on April 17 as saying that President Eisenhower had placed responsibility for the present world tension on Soviet policy, but gave no facts to prove this. It also stated that the President by-passed the question of restoring China's national rights and also that of German unity. Communist reaction in France—as quoted from *L'Humanité*—was much more critical than the first Soviet reaction. It declared that the President had put forward a new plan for American world domination.

The American press warmly welcomed the President's speech. *The New York Herald Tribune* was quoted as commenting:

Russia's answer to this challenge is crucial. That alone will determine whether, in the President's words, we can 'redeem the near lost hopes of our day'. The Soviet Union must respond by plain deeds—affirmative acts of good sense and goodwill, which indicate the direction in which its course is set. The peoples of the free world, the peoples of the oppressed satellite countries—surely the people of Russia too—wait anxiously for the sign to go forward. . . . The standard of world peace and freedom is once again lifted up for all to see. If the leaders choose, the standard can be taken up by the whole world. That is their chance—and the world's chance.

In western Germany, the independent left-wing *Frankfurter Rundschau* was quoted as praising the 'gripping realism' of the speech; several other west German newspapers, however, were quoted as expressing the view that Moscow would find it difficult to agree to restoring independence to the east European states without loss of face. On the other hand, the conservative *Morgenbladet*, quoted from Norway, stated:

President Eisenhower had left it to the Russians to show if they really want peace. There is nothing in his plan that the Russians cannot agree to if they want a lasting peace.

The independent *Morgenposten* was quoted as saying that the President had now answered Vishinsky's appeal to meet the Russians half way. A Madrid broadcast described the speech as the most important which had been made since the war.

A few days before President Eisenhower's speech, Berlin radio recalled Roosevelt's belief in 'peaceful co-existence' and the U.S.S.R.'s 'efforts to save peace'. A peaceful solution of the world's problems, continued this broadcast, would also 'relieve the American people of the nightmare by which it is oppressed and would open shining perspectives of progress and prosperity to all nations', and went on to attribute the present brighter prospects to the work of the 'peace' partisans.

Broadcasts from China, while continuing to accuse the Americans of using germ warfare, welcomed the agreement over sick and wounded prisoners and added, quoting the *People's Daily*:

It is entirely a matter of course that a smooth solution to the whole question of prisoners of war should be achieved, provided that both sides are prompted by real sincerity to bring about an armistice in Korea in the spirit of mutual compromise.

In France, the agreement in Korea was welcomed, but considerable anxiety was expressed over the fresh Communist offensive in Indo-China. Newspapers in a number of western countries expressed the view that this offensive was a Russian-directed move to remind the west that Communism had still many bargaining counters in any Asian settlement.

Did You Hear That?

ROYAL SHIPS

'*BRITANNIA* is something new for a royal yacht because she has been ingeniously designed to perform two separate functions', said Commander THOMAS WOODROFFE in a talk in the Home Service. 'She is a royal yacht with the sumptuous fittings and gracious accommodation which that implies; but also, if needed, she can be a hospital ship. The after end of her shelter deck will take a helicopter, landing with despatches or patients, depending on her function.'

'When she is in service, she will be a fine looking vessel with her blue enamelled side, her white upperworks, buff funnel, and three slender masts. She displaces 4,000 tons, is 400 feet long—which is considerably larger than the frigate from which Her Majesty will review the Fleet this June. If she is not the largest royal yacht we have had—the last *Victoria and Albert* was that—she will be about the fastest because her turbines will give her a cruising speed of twenty-one knots; she will be fitted with radar and all the latest navigational aids, and, as she is air conditioned, it will not matter what waters she is called upon to sail in.'

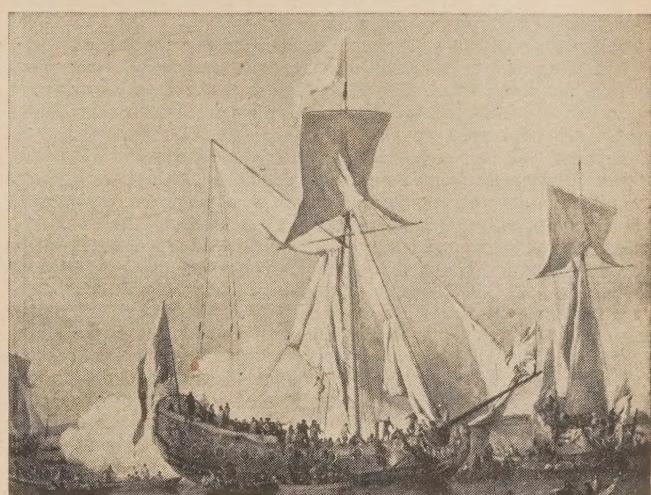
'The idea of a ship for the Sovereign's own use is nothing new. It goes back to Saxon times when all ships of the Royal Navy were the King's own property. The Sovereign went to sea in his own special ship: his apartments down below were luxuriously fitted, the ship had accommodation for his Standard Bearers, and also she used purple sails. Richard Lionheart led an English fleet out of Spithead for the Crusades in just such a ship, his *Trench Mer*, or, as you might call it, the *Cutwater*, and fought an action against the Saracens off Acre nearly 800 years ago. The last King to use purple sails was Henry V, when he sailed with 'his fleet majestic to Harfleur' for the campaign which ended at Agincourt.'

'Even if the King's ship in the old days was often used for carrying passengers instead of for fighting, she was not a yacht in our sense of the word. We have to wait until the reign of Charles II for a royal yacht to make her appearance. When he departed to assume the throne his hosts gave Charles one of these yachts. She was something like a modern Thames barge, only larger, with a high decorated stern, and the Dutch had fitted her below with gilded panelling and pictures. Charles called her the *Mary* after the sister he so loved. Very soon Charles let the great English shipwright, Peter Pett, see what he could do in this line, and Pett built one at Deptford, which Charles called the *Katherine* after his wife. When he had called yachts after his sister, his wife, his mother, Henrietta, and his niece, a yacht with the unusual name of *Fubbs* came on the scene. It was

his pet name for Louise de Kerouailles, and it meant plump or chubby.'

'The *Henrietta* was sunk off the Texel in the Third Dutch War, but William and Mary took over all his others. The King landed at Torbay from the *Mary* and then she fetched his Queen, after whom the yacht had been named.'

'The *Fubbs* was one of the yachts in attendance on the *Royal Charlotte* which was sent to The Hague to bring over George III's



A painting by Van de Velde of the yacht, *Mary*, built for Charles II in 1677

bride from the Continent. During the wars of George III's reign he reviewed the Fleet in the royal yacht whenever he had a chance. He always took a royal yacht to Weymouth when he stayed there, and used to sail about the bay with an attendant frigate. One of the old King's yachts was named the *Royal George* after his eldest son, and on his accession George IV visited Leith in this yacht—the first visit of a reigning sovereign to Edinburgh for 200 years.

'In 1842 Queen Victoria also visited Leith in the same *Royal George*. She was towed up at six knots, being passed by steamer after steamer on the way. That was enough for the Queen, and it was also the end of sail in royal yachts. When next the Sovereign went afloat, a paddle steamer, the first *Victoria and Albert*, wore the Royal Standard at the main'.

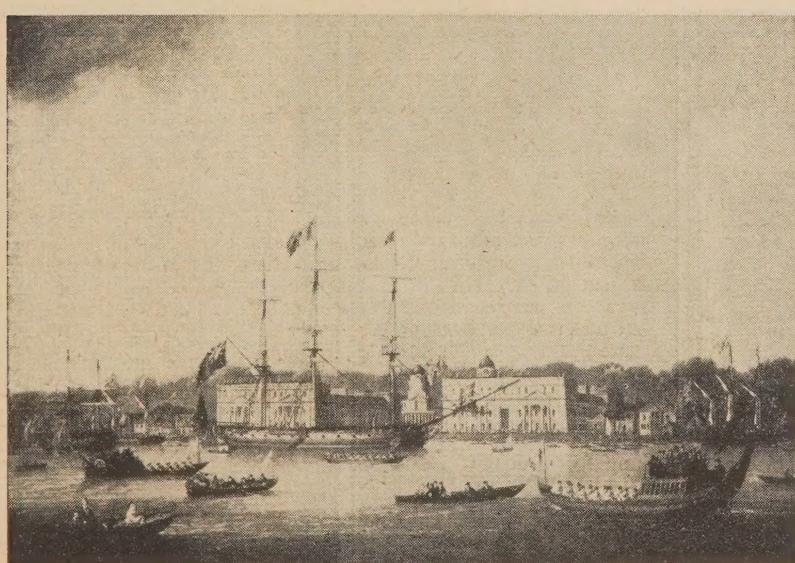
MR. COX'S APPLE

In 'Midlands Miscellany', GEOFFREY BRIGHT spoke about a famous gardener, Thomas Andrew Knight. 'He was', said Geoffrey Bright, 'the younger son of Parson Knight of Wormesley, near Weobley, and was born on August 12, 1759. There is a story that as a small boy he watched the gardener planting beans and, being told that they would grow into other beans, he watched the plants carefully: finding it was so, he planted his pocket knife, expecting to find in due course a crop of knives.'

'Incidentally, his elder brother, Richard Payne Knight, the distinguished Greek scholar and dilettante, was nine years older and eventually succeeded the grandfather at Downton Castle, near Ludlow. Their father, Parson Knight, died when the boys were young.'

'Thomas was sent to Ludlow Grammar School when he was nine and went on eventually to Balliol College, Oxford. He returned home, married and settled at Elton Hall, near Ludlow, one of the family properties. There he entered with zest into the study of all aspects of rural life.'

'Soon after he went to Elton, the Board of Agriculture wanted a reliable correspondent for Herefordshire and asked Sir Joseph Banks, the then President of the



The Royal George off Greenwich, c. 1825

National Maritime Museum

Royal Society, to help them. Banks was friendly with Richard Payne Knight, so Thomas Andrew got the job. This introduction was the turning point in his career. In Banks' house in Soho Square, Knight met most of the distinguished men in science and letters of that day and in April 1795 he contributed his first paper to the Royal Society. This was a treatise on the grafting of apple trees, and in it he maintained the doctrine that there was no renewal of vitality in the process of grafting. His theories were well received and thus encouraged he turned his whole attention to hybridisation, crossing the best varieties of fruits and endeavouring to obtain the best characters of each. There seemed to be no limit to the possible multiplication of varieties. In all his experiments he was infinitely patient. He had many hundred seedlings at various periods of growth in his garden, all of which took from five to twelve years to come into bearing.

Knight was also a most generous man. He had the pleasant habit of presenting trees to his friends and of naming new varieties after them or after the places where they lived. Here I must tell you the story of the origin of Cox's Orange Pippin. This most famous of all dessert apples has been officially attributed to a Mr. Cox who lived near Slough and who was supposed to have raised it from a pip of Ribstone Pippin. Now in the years immediately following the first world war a frequent customer at my sales in search of books was a Stourbridge solicitor named Cox. One day after a sale at Ludlow I took him to a *café* for a cup of tea and our conversation turned to the history of that famous old town. When I complimented him on his knowledge of Ludlow he said "Well, you see, my grandfather was a Ludlow man, he was gardener to a Mr. Marston, a solicitor (the firm is still there), and being expert at his job he became known to Mr. Thomas Andrew Knight and eventually helped him with his experiments in fruit culture. One autumn when Mr. Knight and he were checking and naming new varieties Mr. Knight was especially pleased with the produce of a seedling that my grandfather had tended. He turned to him and said "We will call this one Cox's Orange Pippin" Obviously that story had been handed down in the Cox family, and I see no reason to doubt it".

SPINNING THROUGH THE CENTURIES

"In an unusual show at Halifax three models bring to life the modern industrial development of the West Riding of Yorkshire", said VERNON NOBLE in 'The Eye-Witness'. "It is possible in the quietness of an upper gallery of the Bankfield Museum to feel you are stepping back through the centuries to see the gradual change from the domestic system of spinning and weaving to the first of the factories—the foundations, in fact, of the great West Riding wool textile industry.

The main room of a cottage of 1750 has been reconstructed in every detail. It looks as if the cottage has been moved bodily from its hillside position and placed there, whereas the solid-looking, thick, stone walls are really a sort of cardboard, ingeniously coloured and moulded. Here, beside the big, open fireplace are two examples of spinning wheels. One is of the earliest type, a large wooden wheel which the daughter of the house would turn—the origin of the word "spinster". It was a standing up job, and in some of these old cottages you can see the stone floor worn away in the place where she walked, in a small rhythmic triangle, as she turned the wheel.

Then there is an example of the later, treadle-operated spinning wheel, which allowed the girl to sit, and father's hand-loom occupies a large part of the floor space, still in good working condition and capable of weaving cloth after nearly 200 years. In fact, the cottage looks as if the family have just gone out for the

day to take their cloth to town, leaving all their things behind them: the pots on the shelf, some made at a local kiln; a horn candle-lantern on the mantelpiece; an iron candlestick with a tallow dip, the tallow made on the premises. There is also a dyer's notebook, with bits of wool stuck on the pages, the colours still bright, and recipes for making each particular dye from bark and plants.

Opposite the cottage is a fulling shop for thickening up the cloth. In the old days, the cloth was put in soapy water and barefooted women trod it down. But this building has fulling stocks—large, wooden hammers which beat the cloth—and these were worked by a water mill. You can see, too, how the cloth was stretched out on frames—tenters, they were called—to dry in the open air. It was left out all night, and that is why such drastic punishment was meted out in Halifax for theft of cloth: a person was guillotined if he stole more than thirteen-and-a-half-pence worth.

A few paces away, there is a full-size reconstruction of the ground floor of a mill of 1830, when water power and mechanical inventions were making home manufacture obsolete. Here the carding is done mechanically on a revolving drum, and there is a spinning jenny and a loom with a flying shuttle, all of them authentic period-pieces'.

DINNER HOUR FOR THE LIMPET

Many people know the fun of exploring a beach on a sunny summer's day, but, in 'The Northcountryman', JOHN COLMAN of the Port Erin Marine Biological Station, described how the same stretch of shore can be even more interesting by night. 'The best time to go there is shortly before low water on a calm and muggy night. Wear sea-boots, or else be prepared to get your feet wet, and take two torches in case you drop one and put it out of action. The best place to start is near the top of the shore where the rocks are covered with barnacles. If you stay quite still and listen (and if the sea is also calm and silent) you may hear a faint noise. This is the noise made by thousands of barnacles opening and shutting their shells. When barnacles are covered by the sea they feed more or less continuously by protruding their limbs in the form of a claw, grasping a fist-full of sea water and straining it through the bristles between the limbs. In this way they filter off the microscopic creatures on which they feed. At night, when the air is humid and there is no drying up, they do not seem to distinguish between saturated air and sea water, and go on forlornly sifting air in a vain endeavour to extract nourishment from it. If you suddenly shine the light of your torch on them from a foot or two away, they will all shut with an almost simultaneous click, but they usually open up again quite soon.'

Further down the shore limpets are common. Limpets stay put on the rocks by day when the tide is out, and do most of their feeding when covered by the sea. Bare rocks do not look nutritious, but they are usually covered by an almost invisible film of microscopical plants, and these form one of the main foods of limpets. At night, when there is no danger of drying up, you can find an occasional one moving about and grazing. The movement forward is pretty slow, and is, so to speak, between the second and minute hands of a watch in speed, but it is accompanied by a steady rocking to right and left. The limpet has a ribbon-shaped tongue, an inch or two long, set with teeth, which is worked in and out as the mollusc's head moves from side to side, scraping off the tiny plants. It works like a flexible combination of rasp and conveyor-belt, and leaves marks strikingly like those of a scythe in a meadow. It is worth looking for these marks by day, on smooth rock surfaces. They form rather



Replica of a weaver's cottage of about 1750, in the Bankfield Museum at Halifax

Hellenism and the Modern World—II

Historical Hellenism

By GILBERT MURRAY, O.M.

WHAT was it really like, this Hellenic civilisation that had such a penetrating effect, that made Rome turn Hellenic, made Hebrew religion turn Hellenic, and has left the word Hellenism as a sort of ideal heritage to many nations? Like all ideals, that ideal 'Hellenism' is of course a good deal different from the reality on which it is based. Our own modern civilisation, a true child of Hellenism, at first sight seems extremely unlike that of ancient Greece. Any ancient Greek would feel far more at home in an untouched Polynesian island than in London or New York. Ours is an age of highly organised material civilisation, accustomed to complete security in daily life, an age of complex machinery and mass production and of supreme governmental strength.

Contrasts in Ancient Greece

The civilisation of Greece, even of the Athenians at their most prosperous period, was startlingly unlike this. The arm of their government was neither long nor strong: within a day's walk from the Athens of Pericles and Socrates you would find ignorant and primitive peasants, sometimes practising barbarous rites. Only recently, says Thucydides, had ordinary citizens felt secure enough to go about unarmed. Greek clothes, however gracefully worn, were little more than a sleeveless shirt and a blanket. They mostly went barefoot—at any rate they called the Lydians 'soft-footed' because they habitually wore shoes. They had no great roads, such as the Persians had; no drainage system like that of the Romans; no palaces to compare with the oriental palaces. No Greek community was ever comparable in size, wealth, population, and the like to the great river civilisations of Egypt and Mesopotamia. The greatness of Greece depended on quite other qualities.

Compared with those oriental empires, a central fact which strikes us is that in Greece there was no divine or semi-divine Great King in the Babylonian or Egyptian sense. For one thing, Greek states were all on a small scale and all more or less equal. They could, and did, fight each other freely, but none had any thought of establishing a vast empire over all the rest. For another thing, Greek potentates were always sharply warned that, however successful they may be, they are only erring mortals and must not think they are gods. They must not put up megalomaniac records of their own glory, not expect people to kiss the earth on entering their presence or to walk backwards on leaving it; not expect to have concubines and attendants sacrificed on their tombs; not put people to death without trial; not seize other men's wives and daughters. That sort of thing is all 'barbaric', not Hellenic.

The treatment of war memorials is particularly interesting. The Egyptians and Assyrians put up gigantic limestone reliefs, showing the king in superhuman size receiving tribute from his enemies. The Assyrians showed him making pyramids of their skulls, or leading their kings into captivity by fish-hooks stuck through their noses. That was the proper barbarian way for a Great King to show his greatness. Even the Romans, long afterwards, had their rather revolting triumphs: the conqueror driving in his chariot with the spoils, with chained prisoners dragged behind him, their leaders to be executed after the show. The Greek rule was extraordinarily different. There must be no *hubris*: no insolence, no triumph, no boasting, no maltreatment of the enemy dead, no killing of the prisoners of war. Furthermore, the Greek conqueror must put up no permanent war memorial; only what they called a 'trophy', that is, a wooden pole and crossbar with armour upon it, to mark the site of the victory; a monument which, by a rule of honour, the conqueror must never repair and the conquered never pull down, but both must allow gradually to break up and sink into the earth as the memory of the old evils faded. Man must remember his insecurity and beware of the fatal delusions of *hubris*.

On the whole, in most ancient communities, the duty of man was pretty clearly prescribed by long-established tradition. It consisted of obedience to a great king, or to a god in the image of a great king, and the observance of a great number of traditional taboos. Think of the Book of Leviticus, with its elaborate list of taboos and rules of be-

haviour, the insistence on circumcision and the 'abhorring' of those tribes which did not practise it; think, even, of the detailed rules in Hammurabi's great code. In Greece we meet here and there fragmentary relics of such taboos: sects which abstain from beans or from animal flesh, or families which practise some special form of worship. But they seem to be merely relics of systems that have long passed away, of tribes and ancestral communities that have been broken up. In private life, indeed, a man's duty might be summed up in three commands: to obey the gods, to honour his parents, and to do no injustice to strangers. But in public political life there was no traditional head of the family, or tribal chief taking his place; a man's duty was not to his ancestral or tribal chief, but to the *polis* and its laws; and even those laws are man-made and could be criticised if they were not just.

Early Greek origins are obscure; but the evidence seems to point to a period of great invasions, involving a break-up of settled society, in which populations fled here and there for refuge, tribes were scattered, the sacred graves of ancestors left behind, and old customs and conventions lost. There was danger all round; the only safety was within some *polis*, some city or circuit wall. Each group of refugees built its own *polis* and became an organised body behind it—not of kinsmen, but of *politai*—'citizens'. There remained of their old life almost nothing, except what each man could carry with him, such things as he knew or remembered—what was called his *sophia*, 'wisdom'; and such personal qualities or abilities as made him definitely good for something—his 'virtue' or *arete*.

The people who had taken refuge inside the *polis* were mostly, as Strabo says, 'a mixed multitude', not uniform in their traditions or customs. So they had to form new laws by agreement, often, no doubt, with a certain amount of compromise. That laid a heavy responsibility on the men themselves, the responsibility of freedom. They had no longer an unquestioned tradition to control or guide them: they must fall back on active 'wisdom' and 'virtue'; they must control themselves, think for themselves. They must remember not merely to be obedient to custom, which is easy, but to be really just, which needs thought; to observe *metron*, or measure; to remember the rule of *meden agan*—nothing too much; and to avoid above all things *hubris*, insolence or excess, the deadly error to which all life is subject and which leads always to a fall.

Wide Conception of Goodness and Wisdom

The *polis*, or small independent city state, seems thus to have been responsible for some of the main characteristic aims of Greek civilisation: the maintenance of freedom, and the eager pursuit of *arete* and *sophia*—words which we conventionally translate by goodness, or virtue, and wisdom. But it is a goodness which covers the qualities of a good man, a good bootmaker, a good horse, or a good chisel. It is a wisdom which ranges from craftsmanship and knowledge of mathematics to enlightened ideas and inspiration in poetry. Their craftsmanship was indeed wonderful; few ages could at all equal the actual mechanical stone-craft of the Parthenon; but, of course, in science and technology their work, good as it was at the time, has been utterly outstripped and reduced to nothing by modern discoveries. Only in philosophy, that is, the search for truth in the great problems that still haunt mankind, and in art and poetry, that is, the vision and creation of what we vaguely call beauty, we still, after 2,000 years, are learning from them. Hellenism, more than any other civilisation that we know, concentrated upon these things.—*Home Service*

The new Coronation edition of Eleanor and Herbert Farjeon's *Kings and Queens*, illustrated by Rosalind Thorncroft (Dent, 10s. 6d.), is brought up to date by the inclusion of verses on George V, Edward VIII, George VI, and our present Sovereign, with accompanying pictures. The advent of broadcasting is happily touched on in the rhymes on George V:

Of kings he was the first who stirred
His subjects with the spoken word,
Because before his voice was heard
The B.B.C. had not occurred.

The Revolt of the Children

By MANYA HARARI

THE faces, in the photographs in the evening newspapers, of cosh boys and problem children do not always look brutish or savage, but they do look sullen, lonely, and proud. It is as if these children had refused or were unable to receive anything, starting with life itself. And perhaps it is the mark of our time that though much is provided, things, including life, are not given or received. Half a century ago the assumption was that life was good and that it was a gift. It was good because being is better than non-being; and it was a gift, ultimately, of God in whose creative power parents shared. They shared in it not just accidentally, but only if they made what Gabriel Marcel calls a *voeu créateur*, a commitment, an assent to life, in gratitude, which itself became the source of a creative relationship between them and their children.

Some such notion still coloured family life many decades after Nietzsche had announced the death of God, after Turgenev's Nihilist had proclaimed the revolt of the children and their duty to 'deny everything'. These ideas were still mainly the concern of some back-room boys. It is only now, when so many explosions have blasted the outward shape of society, that these ideas have infiltrated the household and reached the bedroom and even the nursery. Today, in the now old-fashioned terms of popular science, popular psychology, popular sociology, life is not a gift: it is tossed up out of the stream of humanity's biological urge. It is not received; and it is not, by any means, so certain that it is good. For a long time now parents have been asking themselves anxiously: Can it possibly be right to bring children into such a world? Recently Sartre has replied: 'Not only in such a world as that of today, but in itself, existence as such, life from its very roots, is absurd, boring, unnecessary, nauseous'. Not that many English parents read what Sartre writes, but the same idea seems to have occurred to them.

Naturally, when the passing on of life which is at the basis of the child-parent relationship is at a discount, the relationship itself starts at a disadvantage. Yet never has it seemed more important. The devaluation of life, the denial of its givenness, causes a deep feeling of insecurity and dismay—because man needs to live by what is given him, not by what has come to him by chance or by what he has deserved, bought, or won in a competition. Personal relationship must somehow make up for this. If life is not a gift, love is, and the love of lovers and the love of parents must become the source of life. Children always want their parents to represent God (though they would not say so); now the parents must be God. The more bitter is their own and their children's disappointment when it is found that they cannot be.

Our 'Exceptionally Romantic Epoch'

Ours is an exceptionally romantic epoch, in spite of its hard-bitten exterior. Perhaps for the first time in history the marriage of love, at least in the Anglo-Saxon countries, has come to be generally recognised as the only right kind of marriage: married love is identified with romantic love. But what is hoped for from romantic love has almost brought about the breakdown of marriage. The notion that the human personality finds its perfect realisation through romantic love is common to Hollywood and the Troubadours. The difference is that medieval romantic love was subordinated to the love of God. If romantic love set itself out to replace the love of God, it was regarded as a tragic *impasse*—a dream of love tragically mistaken for the reality and which could lead only to destruction. Seen in these terms, the post-Christian ideal of romantic love is moulded not on earthly marriage but on heavenly union. It must be as spontaneous, as self-generating, and as inexhaustible as grace. It replaces grace and it is precisely its gratuitousness, its independence of will, mind, effort, that becomes its test. Marriage after marriage is undertaken and broken off in search of this love, until it begins to seem that love itself is impossible.

In Sartre's film, 'Les Jeux Sont Faits', the lovers meet for the first time after their death, in limbo; they are allowed to return to life because the Cosmic Powers have the duty to provide them with the

chance of perfect love, but their survival depends on their passing the test of its genuineness. They fail, the woman through her love and pity for her sister, the man through loyalty to his friends. The perfect, all-absorbing, chemically pure love which was the condition of their resurrection is impossible, and so the lovers die, they return to limbo. To live, they required a love which was an absolute, and so their love for each other had to be this absolute, but forced into this role it became impossible. Since it participated in nothing but itself, all other loves and duties were its rivals, and since its test was its freedom it would equally have been destroyed by duty towards itself. What Sartre seems to be saying is that love which is cut off from its metaphysical roots cannot be the ground of being: an existence rooted in such love is rooted in anguish from which it can only seek to escape through its own destruction or through the total absorption and assimilation—the devouring—of the beloved.

Wreckage Caused by Frustration

But what is the alternative? Where is life to find its fulfilment and its roots? Can wisdom be only the cynical and kindly resignation to frustrating appearances? There is a widespread and healthy repugnance to this view. In the west, and particularly in the Anglo-Saxon countries, this is based not only on dislike, but on the belief, thought to be pragmatic, that without the experience of perfect and successful love neither adults nor their children can be psychologically normal. Individuals who fail to achieve this experience are frustrated as human beings; the frustrated couple turn into the oppressive father and the child-eating mother, and produce the abnormal, unhappy, guilt-laden child: Freud as well as Lawrence, Auden, and the whole literature of child-revolt have told us that. And the more they have shown us the widespread, perhaps the universal, wreckage of children's lives caused by frustration, the more we have become convinced that successful love is possible because it is necessary.

It is true that nobody knows exactly what the normal child is. For some it is the representative of a new race of unparalleled, because never until now undamaged, goodness and greatness. For others it is the savage titan of the Freudian nursery. But what is certain is that normality is a state of happiness and freedom from guilt which belong to undamaged nature—normal love is a state of heavenly union, bypassing the Redemption, normal childhood is the earthly paradise restored through the liquidation of the Fall.

How happy-go-lucky were the sinful parents of sinful children in a redeemed world, compared with the frustrated parents of abnormal children in a world which precedes the exile from Eden! How trustingly they endowed them with life, how confidently they played God to them, making rules, punishing and forgiving, basking in their reassuringly limited responsibility for results—since the child, with its imperfect nature and its free will, would in the end turn out well or badly however badly or well they themselves did their job. And how jauntily, when they could afford it, they established buffer states—nannies, governesses, tutors, social obligations—where the parents of today feel that they should hold themselves at the total personal disposal of their children! The order they established was taken for granted by them, and, if they were lucky, by their children, as a part of the cosmic order. And if the children were lucky they derived a measure of security and of freedom both from the impersonal quality of the order and from the personal quality of sin and forgiveness. The rules and regulations were there to relieve them of the harrowing responsibility of unlimited choice. They conformed; or they transgressed the outward rules as one does at school, in a neutral zone unfanned by the heat of personal relationships. But if they sinned on the deeper levels of conduct, they sinned personally and against a person, God, who had the miraculous power of forgiveness. This power was exercised by his representatives, the parents; and if they did their job of forgiving well, the child, when it grew up, forgave them in its turn.

But only the forgiven child can forgive. The properly forgiven child has at no point abdicated his responsibility. He is forgiven for a

deliberate misuse of his free will, and the forgiveness frees him from the damage caused by that misuse. His freedom is miraculously renewed and restored to him. Because his sin was his own, he has no need to hate others, and because it is forgiven he has no need to hate himself; he can use his undamaged powers to forgive others in his turn.

Farewell to Victorian Self-Assurance

What has happened to the compact self-assurance of the Victorian household? We know that the children in it were not always lucky, that the order was often unjust and oppressive, and that consciousness of sin was used as a means of tyranny. But then the parents repented. At about the time of the decline of imperialism, excessive paternalism in the family too fell into disrepute. The father abdicated; as the principle of authority he has since been liquidated so thoroughly that he has almost ceased to exist. For the parents' crisis of conscience carried them to a progressive and increasingly appalled and paralysing realisation of the full extent of their guilt.

There were many reasons for this. At that time the idealised image of the victim, innocent and oppressed—innocent because oppressed—hovered over Europe, in the east as in the west. Berdyaev has shown the part which it played in preparing the revolution in Russia. Kirsanov, the father in Turgenev's *Fathers and Children*, was as stricken, as guilt-laden, as were, in a succeeding generation in the west, the remorseful heirs of Victorian paternalism. Only Kirsanov's guilt was towards his peasants; what he felt before his son was shame and an obscure hope. Later this repentance was amplified by the Tolstoyan realisation that the rich men's guilt was not confined to outward tyranny but was woven into the very texture of their lives, so that the intellectuals among the Russian ruling class rushed towards liquidation with the joy of guilt-laden souls rushing into purgatory.

In the individualistic west it was the child who was identified as the victim. After the age of reason when children were despised, and the Victorian era of will when they were regimented and ignored, there came the discovery of the Unconscious and the powerful, unintentional alliance between Freud and the Romantic movement. Children came into their own. But it was soon seen that it was not enough to liberate them from conscious tyranny. The removal of the oppressive father left behind the more sinister figure of the child-eating mother. Mrs. Morel, the mother in Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*, looked down at her child:

She had dreaded this baby like a catastrophe because of her feeling for her husband. And now her heart was heavy because of this child, almost as if it were unhealthy or malformed. It seemed quite well. But she noted the peculiar knitting of its brows, as if it were trying to understand something that was pain. And in that moment she felt in some far inner place of her soul that she and her husband were guilty.

Because Mrs. Morel felt guilty, she enslaved her children much more thoroughly with her overcompensating love than had ever been done by the Barretts of Wimpole Street with their stern authoritarianism. She could never set them free, any more than she could free herself, until at last they, out of their love for her, came to her relief with an overdose of morphia.

Withdrawal of the Parents

Fortunately for herself, Mrs. Morel knew what she was doing only at rare intervals; it is after she became a famous figure that the parents could no longer close their eyes. For the normal child—the child wholly free from mental suffering and from feelings of guilt—was nowhere to be found, and the damage was now seen to be much deeper than had ever been supposed. The child was damaged, malformed, in infancy, or at birth, or before its birth, and the parents alone were responsible for its abnormality. They were answerable to it with the whole of their being: not just for some failure of justice or kindness, but for the guilt of frustration woven into their whole lives; the child was the mutilated fruit of their own self-mutilation; and now their repentance, with its over-eager love, could do nothing but complete the work of destruction. Horrified, they withdrew. The greater the child's weakness and need for guidance and affection, the less safe it was for them to approach it. Never had the notion that the sins of the parents are visited on the children been apprehended with feelings of more guilt and fear.

Logically, neither parents nor children should feel guilty, since the failure of the parents is only that of their own parents and so on *ad infinitum*. But in practice this is harder to deal with than original sin. The damage seems more final, and there is no God to redeem it.

In practice the experience is that of guilt; and the suffering that goes with this is itself felt to be guilty, since it is another sign of the failure to achieve normality. And as all this is illusion, as there is no actual guilt but only feelings of guilt which are neurotic, there can be no forgiveness. In a world in which sin exists, forgiveness implies a deep connection between human beings—a creative power to set one another free. But the belief in psychological determinism is the coffin of such relationships. The child believed to be damaged and believing itself damaged can neither be forgiven nor forgive. Its damaged being is a crying accusation, but it has nothing and no one to accuse except life itself, which alone is the cause of the original damage.

Even the traditional outlet of rebellion is denied to it. The parents are cowering out of its reach; besides, such as they are, they are the only wind-break against the loneliness, boredom, and insecurity of the life they have unwisely unleashed on it. There remains the distraction of violence—a relief from boredom which, in return for lost security, gives a feeling of power; and the attraction of death—the death which the parents met and dealt in the war and which the children watch with absorbed, babyish interest at the cinema and in the comic papers. And, after all, this hobby has its training value in a world where the death industry has only seasonal unemployment.

That there is a widespread awareness of some such problems as these is shown by the many remedies which are suggested and which include the return to paternalism and the return to faith. But paternalism without faith is even less likely to succeed than it did in the past. And no one can have faith for the sake of the children or of moral values, or for any reason other than that he believes that what he believes is true. Besides, faith is not a snap solution for the problems of any age. It is only the assertion of a mystery at the roots of being, an affirmation of a different level of thinking and living from the one on which problems are met and examined. And perhaps it is in a descent to that level and in the contemplation of its mystery that a way can be sought to a greater reverence for life and towards the recovery of creative freedom. But if there is a way in this direction there are no route maps: the country is well sign-posted but always untraversed.—*Third Programme*

Photographs in a Railway Compartment

In their oval frames, we contemplate
These old-fashioned landscapes, that do not,
Obscured by steam or nightfall, or merely
Distance, easily pass by. Occasionally
Sepulchred in tunnels, but always
Illuminated by the sun of holidays,
They travel changelessly behind
The mirror-glass that is another kind
Of window, and remain with us
All through our journey to the terminus.

In sepia tones we view the popular resorts,
Llandudno, Filey, Poole; the ports
Of Harwich, Dover; the fan-vault cloister
And the cathedral streets of Gloucester.
At Torquay, Frinton, Morecambe, we regard
White sails, tents, bathers, rose-beds on the promenade.
At Scarborough, the visitors recline upon the sands
Below the Grand Hotel, or listen to marine bands.
At Criccieth, Brighton, Buxton and Penzance,
The couples loiter, waiting for the Flannel Dance.

A sympathetic cameraman recorded places
To which we never seem to be going, faces
We never saw, now hardly distinguish
Under the deckchair awnings; the anguish
Of time and place existing as if they
Were all time and everywhere. A sunny day
Flashed on the burn that clattered through a glen;
A wind blew spray upon a rock, then
As it appears to now, as if it would never
Happen here again: the pathetic moment, fixed for ever.

JAMES KIRKUP

Twentieth-century Railway Racing

By CECIL J. ALLEN

IT may come as a surprise to many people that railway managements can unbend sufficiently to indulge in racing. But they can; at times they have shown their sporting proclivities in a thrilling way. For example, in 1904 the London & South Western and Great Western Railways began a race to London with passengers and mails off transatlantic steamers which had begun to call at Plymouth. It was the Great Western that carried off most of the honours. Their crowning achievement was on May 9, when the amazing time of 3 hours 47 minutes was made from Millbay Crossing at Plymouth to Paddington—half-an-hour less than the 'Cornish Riviera Express' takes today. In those days, too, the train had to come up by way of Bristol, twenty miles further than the present Westbury route. Down the incline from Whiteball Summit to Taunton the engine *City of Truro* travelled fast enough to earn a place in later years in York Railway Museum as the first British locomotive ever to reach a speed of 100 miles an hour.

The 'Cheltenham Flyer'

Nearly thirty years elapsed before the next outstanding speed achievement in Great Britain. The 'Cheltenham Flyer' had come into operation on the Great Western; at first it ran the $77\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Swindon to Paddington in 75 minutes, and then came successive accelerations to 70, 67, and ultimately 65 minutes. To celebrate the final speed-up, the authorities decided, on June 5, 1932, to try for a special record. The trip was a thrilling experience. Out of Swindon the engine *Tregenna Castle* went almost like a rocket. Six miles from the start we were doing 80 miles an hour; fifteen miles later the speed had crept up to 90; after that we were ticking off mile after mile in 40 seconds apiece—through Didcot, Reading, Slough, Ealing—until Driver Ruddock shut off steam at Old Oak Common. By then we had covered 70 miles right off at an average of $87\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour. In just under 57 minutes from leaving Swindon we were at rest at Paddington.

Now the speed limelight switched to the London & North Eastern Railway, which was seeking some new form of public service to celebrate in 1935 the Silver Jubilee of King George V's reign. A streamlined high-speed service between London and Newcastle was proposed by their chief mechanical engineer, Sir Nigel Gresley, and such a train seemed to fill the bill admirably. First, some experiments had to be made. How well I remember, one murky morning in November 1934, taking my place with some L.N.E.R. officials in a four-coach 'special' which was tucked away in a quiet corner of the suburban station at King's Cross. At the head of it was the big Pacific locomotive *Flying Scotsman*, and in charge on the footplate was Bill Sparshatt, a driver noted for his speed propensities. At the very start he shot us out of the terminus with such vigour as to leave certain suspicious wheel-marks on the sharply-curved connections into the first tunnel where wheels normally are not supposed to run; fortunately nothing worse happened.

On that exciting run we did things we had never dreamed of before. Up the long gradient from north of Peterborough to Stoke Summit we tore at over 80 miles an hour; in the first two hours out of London we had all but reached Doncaster; and we stopped in the Central Station at Leeds 2 hours 32 minutes after leaving King's Cross—the fastest time that has ever been made between the two cities. On the return journey, *Flying Scotsman* was subjected to a harder test by the train being made up to six coaches, and we had the satisfaction of clocking the first L.N.E.R. 100-miles-an-hour speed on record as we were whirled down the long incline from Stoke Summit.

In March 1935, there came a second experiment, on the proposed four-hour timing between London and Newcastle. Despite the fact that a mineral train had seen fit to derail itself early that morning just north of Doncaster, they just managed to get the road clear for us to pass at a walking pace, and we were into Newcastle on time. Coming back, again with Bill Sparshatt at the regulator, on that same

racing-ground down from Stoke, we pushed the British speed record up substantially, from 100 to 108 miles an hour. More remarkable still, our gallant steed, *Papyrus*, ran no less than 300 miles in that one single day's round trip at an average of 80 miles an hour—and was perfectly cool in every bearing when we stopped at King's Cross.

So the stage was set for the introduction on September 30, 1935, of the 'Silver Jubilee', Britain's first streamlined train. Three days before, a special press trip was organised; it was a day that I shall never forget. Nothing like this train had ever been seen before in Great Britain—a dazzling vision of silver-grey and stainless steel, headed by a remarkable new grey locomotive, *Silver Link*, with wedge front and complete streamline casing. The L.N.E.R. operating authorities were anxious to find out how much margin the new schedule would offer in day-to-day running, and Driver Taylor was therefore told to give *Silver Link* her head. And he did! At times we are distinctly casual in the way in which we conduct experiments in Great Britain. At this period the main line out of King's Cross was canted on curves sufficiently to provide comfortable travel at speeds up to, say, 85 miles an hour; to this speed we were going to add another 25 miles or more. Moreover, Gresley had devised a new kind of suspension for his streamline coaches, designed to give a 'floating' motion at high speed. Of this we were made acutely conscious as we flew through Hatfield at 95 miles an hour, and there was a resounding lateral lurch of our coach as we struck a curve with a deficient cant for this tremendous speed.

But that was only the beginning; many more like it were to come. Having breasted the northern heights at Knebworth, we got on to the long downgrade from Stevenage. At milepost thirty, *Silver Link* crossed the 100 miles-an-hour line, and for the next twenty-five miles the speed was never less than three figures. Through the junction at Hitchin we streaked at 107, and shortly afterwards we touched our maximum of $112\frac{1}{2}$. For forty-three miles on end an average speed of 100 was maintained—a British record never since equalled or even approached over such a distance. I was acting as official timekeeper on this run, trying to concentrate on the hectic business of picking up quarter-mile posts at eight-second intervals, and with lurch after lurch causing my mind to dwell uneasily on the one inch and one-eighth of steel tyre that was keeping us on the rails.

'A Première Without Parallel'

My worst apprehensions were as we went flying down from St. Neots towards the curly stretch of the line round the banks of the Ouse at Offord—with speed at 110 miles an hour and still rising. I was just visualising a tangential course straight into the water when Driver Taylor clapped on his brakes, and the speed came down—to 87! So it was, that no more than 55 minutes after setting out from King's Cross, we were rolling slowly under the roof of Peterborough station, $76\frac{1}{2}$ miles away. It had been a *première* without parallel for a new British train.

Eleven months later, in August 1936, a further speed test was made with the 'Silver Jubilee', and startled passengers found themselves being whirled through Essendine at 113 miles an hour. But this proved a little too much for our locomotive, *Silver Fox*. Soon after passing Hatfield a rain of fragments under the leading coach, in which I was travelling, proclaimed that something was falling off the engine. Actually, the middle big-end had overheated and was beginning to disintegrate; and when finally *Silver Fox* drew into King's Cross, it was not with the silent grace of that nimble animal, but with the roar of a wounded bull. None of us who was 'in the know' enjoyed the last twenty minutes of that journey.

All this time the rival L.M.S. Railway was getting more and more restive about the speed glamour with which the L.N.E.R. was surrounding itself, and something had to be done about it. The Coronation year of 1937 was approaching, and both companies decided to mark the occasion by putting on new streamline trains between London and Scotland. By the end of June 1937, the new L.M.S. 'Coronation



The G.W.R. *City of Truro*, in York Railway Museum: 'the first British locomotive to reach 100 m.p.h.'—in May 1904

'Scot' train was ready, and a press trip was arranged. Some of us who were invited to join the train knew that the L.M.S. authorities were determined that day to steal the 'blue riband' from the L.N.E.R., so you can well imagine the suppressed excitement on board. Driver Clarke was on the footplate of Sir William Stanier's new streamlined locomotive *Coronation*, and his instructions were to run to the 'Coronation Scot' schedule as far as Stafford, and then to let his engine have it. Fourteen miles away lay Whitmore, at the top of the down gradient towards Crewe, and this was where *Coronation* was expected to distinguish herself. We shot away from Stafford, passed Whitmore at 85, and then up went the speed with a run—to 100 in the next four miles, 110 three miles later, and finally to 114. Excitement in the train was intense; at last the L.M.S. was 'one up' on the L.N.E.R.—literally one up, 114 as against 113.

Suddenly we all realised where we were. The 114 had been attained at milepost 156, and Crewe station lay only two miles ahead of us.

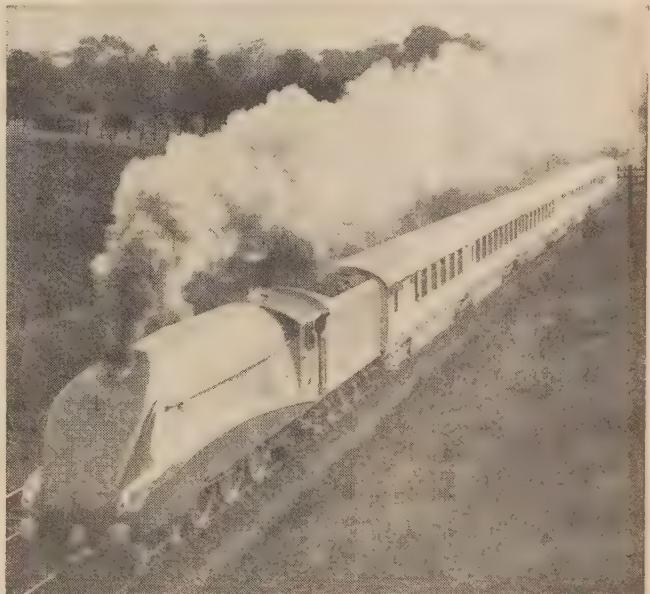


The L.M.S. 'Coronation Scot' on the trial run in June 1937, when *Coronation* reached a speed of 114 m.p.h.

My timings show that from post 156 to post 157 the average speed was still 105, but the brakes were now hard on. Down the speed came, 90, 80, 70, 60—and then, at 57 miles an hour, with a terrific lurch we hit the first of the two double crossover roads leading into the station. We were all thrown into one another's arms; and there was carnage, loudly audible, among the crockery in the restaurant car. 'The engine rode like the great lady she is', was the comment afterwards of a distinguished official who was on the footplate; 'there wasn't a thing we could do but hold on and let her take it. Take it she did; past a sea of pallid faces on the platform we ground to a dead stand, safe and sound, and still on the rails'. But it had been a very near thing.

It was not until July 1938 that Sir Nigel Gresley of the L.N.E.R. set out to challenge this record. He was making some experiments with a streamline train to try out the efficiency of a modified braking system, and these consisted in bringing the train quickly to rest from very high speeds. Finally he decided that

British Railways



The L.N.E.R. *Silver Link*, drawing the 'Silver Jubilee', Britain's first streamlined train, on the record test run in September, 1935

British Railways

such a test should be made from a speed higher than ever before—a speed that would prove touchable by any other competitor. Preparations were made with the utmost secrecy; even most of the testing staff on the train knew nothing at all of what was afoot until the run had actually started.

Mallard was the streamlined locomotive chosen; and she was in charge of a man completely fearless where speed was concerned—a Doncaster driver named Duddington, whose recent death we were sorry to hear about. The run began just north of Grantham, and *Mallard* forged her way up the hill towards Stoke at ever-increasing speed until she breasted the summit at 75 miles an hour. Then, accelerating like lightning with her seven-coach train, in two-and-a-half miles she was up to 100 and in five miles to 110; within another mile the L.M.S. record had been smashed and still the speed was climbing; just over seven miles from the summit the terrific rate of 120 miles an hour had been reached, with the engine's big driving wheels whirling round eight times a second, and just north of Essendine *Mallard* reached the absolute maximum of 126 miles an hour. It was a proud moment. So far as properly authenticated figures go, *Mallard* and her driver had secured for her designer, for the London & North Eastern Railway, and, above all, for her country, the world record for railway speed with steam. It was a fitting climax to the railway racing of the twentieth century.—*Home Service*

Problems of Three-Dimensional Films

By W. D. WRIGHT

IN a way, I think the drama of three-dimensional pictures is surprising. When we look round a room, everything appears in 3-D, yet we never give it a thought, although we very well might. But perhaps it is its unexpectedness in the cinema that is proving so stimulating. Whether this added realism will help the film as an artistic medium remains to be seen. It could prove something of a handicap, shackling the producer and limiting his capacity to exploit the imagination of the audience. In the past, it is doubtful whether he has really missed the third dimension, but he looks like being made very conscious of it in the future.

In point of fact, of course, the pictures we see in the ordinary film are not totally devoid of depth, for there are a number of clues to distance which even a one-eyed man can use to get a sense of depth. If you were standing at one end of a street and looked along it with one eye only, you would be in no doubt that the street receded into the distance and that the things you saw were solid objects. Perspective—the converging of parallel lines—provides one clue; parallax—the relative movement of objects as you move your head—is another. Then there is size: the lamp-posts at the far end of the street subtend a smaller angle than those nearby, and while we might interpret this by concluding that they were midget lamp-posts, the more natural conclusion is that they are full-sized but at a greater distance away. Another point is that there is overlapping: the car parked by the curb and obscuring the lower half of the pillar-box appears to be in front of the pillar-box; the curved shadows of telegraph poles across the road bring out the camber of the surface; the structure of the surface itself reveals a grading of texture with increasing distance; the outlines of the trees close by are clear and contrasted, but those in the distance are hazy.

All this is obvious, yet such effects can combine to give a real sense of depth, and in the film studio they can usually be emphasised by designing the sets carefully and by making sure that the distribution of the lighting is right. Indeed, there is a new cinema in New York in which the illusion of depth is still further heightened by curving the screen and making it much wider than normal. This does not make the picture truly three-dimensional, although its popularity suggests that the realism must be remarkable. I have not myself seen any pictures projected in this way, but the increased width is no doubt used to enhance the perspective and to allow plenty of movement, while the use of stereophonic sound in addition is a useful reminder that we need not, and normally do not, rely on the sense of sight alone.

True 3-D, however, requires that our two eyes are presented with two slightly different views of a scene, since the appearance of solidity which we normally experience is derived from the two dissimilar images focused in the right and left eyes. They are different because of the different viewpoints of the two eyes, but instead of seeing two of everything, the brain fuses them into a single, three-dimensional image. This means that in true stereo-photography we have to use a double camera

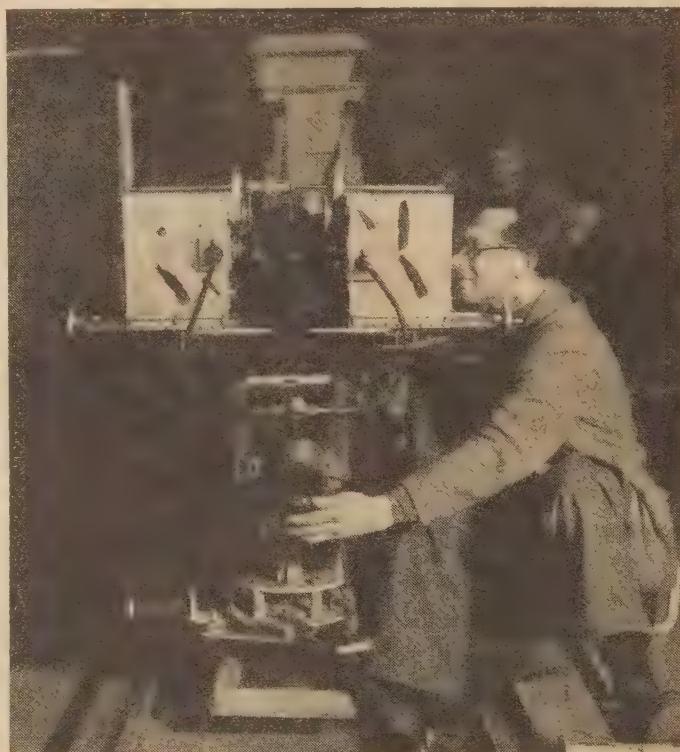
with two lenses, one representing the right and the other the left eye. Two pictures have to be projected on the screen and some means provided to ensure that one eye sees only one picture and the other eye only the other.

The principles of stereoscopic photography have, of course, been known for a very long time. In one system the isolation of the pictures is achieved by projecting the films through red and blue filters and providing the viewers with red and blue spectacles. A better method, especially with colour films, is to project the films through polarising filters, which have the interesting optical property that a beam of light can readily pass through two such filters in succession if they are in the so-called 'parallel' position—which means that their optical axes are parallel—but the light will be blocked if the second filter is rotated through ninety degrees to the 'crossed' position. The polarising screens are therefore designed so that for each eye one of the pictures is transmitted and the other blocked. The separation of the viewing channels to each eye is then complete and effective.

But people often object to wearing these special glasses, and methods have been proposed from time to time to overcome this inconvenience. They usually require very elaborate lenticular or ruled screens and highly complicated and costly photographic and projection equipment, and as these show little promise of being commercially successful, no serious attempts have been made to develop them, at least in this country.

With three-dimensional presentations using polarising glasses, the appearance of depth and solidity is realistic and we have the impression that we are looking at something located at a definite point in space. Yet, even here, perfect space reproduction presents something of a problem. When we are looking at a body moving towards us, that is in ordinary life, not in the cinema, two things happen to our eyes: they converge and they re-focus, and the two adjustments are closely co-ordinated by the brain. In a 3-D film, however, while our convergence has to change, the focus has to remain fixed on the screen if we are to see the pictures sharply. The normal co-ordination done for us by the brain is therefore upset and we get a feeling of discomfort, which can be reduced only if a limit is set to the distance which an object is allowed to advance in front of the screen. Incidentally, another precaution that has to be taken to avoid eye strain is the accurate registration of the two pictures in the vertical plane, since our eyes have very little freedom to move up and down independently of each other.

Another awkward feature is that, strictly speaking, there is only one position in the theatre from which the proportions of the scene are correctly reproduced. I think the best way to understand why this is so is like this: you can regard your two eyes as the ends of a kind of surveyor's base. You can then perhaps imagine various sighting lines radiating from your eyes towards different objects represented on the screen. The intersections of pairs of lines will locate objects in



The camera-operator checking through the view-finder of a stereoscopic camera, with its twin lenses, during the making of one of the 3-D films shown at the Battersea Pleasure Gardens last year

space. If, now, you advance towards the screen, the sighting lines will all converge more steeply, the intersection points will close up towards the screen, and the scene will appear to be squashed up. If, on the other hand, you move farther back from the screen, the depth becomes greatly exaggerated. So it is only in one position that all is correct.

One stereo-photograph which I took was of a small plaster cast of a woman seated with her hand resting on her leg. As you move away from the screen, her leg seems to project out more and more until it looks as if it is detached from the rest of her body and she is holding it out at arm's length. It is not easy to see how this type of distortion can be avoided for some of the seats in a cinema. If the reproduction is correct for the 1s. 3d. seats it will be wrong for the 2s. 3d. seats. This may mean the exercise of considerable restraint on the part of the producer in the use he makes of some of the more dramatic stereo effects, which will be a pity.

One interesting problem for the camera-man will be the extent to which he can use the usual small-scale models with success. An enlarged stereo-photograph of, say, a model bus will still look like a model bus rather than a real one, if the photograph has been taken with a stereo-camera with the normal separation between the two lenses. So a special camera in which it is possible to vary the separation between the lenses has to be used if stereo-photographs of different sized models are to be merged successfully with life-size photographs.

The camera-man will also have to be careful that the various mono-

cular clues to distance which I discussed earlier are in harmony with the stereo effect. Suppose the street I mentioned did have some midget lamp-posts in it. Their apparent size would then give quite a wrong idea of their distance. In such a trick situation, it may take the brain quite a while, perhaps a minute or so, before it has decided what it is looking at. Lord Charnwood, in a recent monograph on binocular vision, has suggested that the brain is here behaving very much like an electronic calculating machine in that it is trying to find the solution to a differential equation from the various items of information supplied by the eyes. Eventually, an answer is found which satisfies all the clues, but it takes time for the brain to test one solution after another. This is an intriguing thought and one which suggests that 3-D is very much more than just having lions leaping into your lap: 3-D does, in fact, involve some very subtle problems in perception which are far from being solved.

This being so, it looks as if the leisurely pace at which research on these academic problems has been conducted in the past will be speeded up by the impact of the many technical problems that are certain to arise in the future. There is so much still to be learnt, not only on the optics of the subject but on the aesthetics as well. Even if the technical problems are solved, our photographic artists will have to learn how to use the new medium to its full advantage. We can only hope that preoccupation with the technique of the process will not entirely submerge its artistic developments.—*Home Service*

Psychology and Religion

By R. J. Z. WERBLOWSKY

THE relations of religion to psychology are of two kinds, negative and positive. The negative relation is exemplified by the popular belief that psychology explains religion, that is, explains it away; or by the almost childish delight of many psychologists in debunking traditional beliefs. This delight itself may be no more than a manifestation of the psychologist's own Oedipus-complex: he still fights his personal father in the guise of the great father-image 'God'. Then there are the theologians who adopt a tone of apologetic defiance or superior benevolence as soon as they hear the word psychology. On the other side, there is a positive relationship. To an open-minded student of religion analytical psychology has brought a wealth of new insights, and a psychologist in the exercise of his profession almost ends up as a student of religion, because he discovers that he cannot deal with the soul without dealing, at the same time, with religion. This latter situation is my main concern here.

'Any method', says Vestdijk, 'which aims at the totality of the psyche is essentially religious'. A psycho-therapist's business is in a real sense the cure of souls. His aim is to help his patient to self-realisation on the highest possible level. His work has therefore unmistakably religious characteristics and associations. Moreover, the modern comparative study of religion has discovered a certain order in the bewildering variety of religious rites and symbols: basic symbols, especially. We might call these basic symbols the vocabulary of religion, and their combination in various patterns and structures the syntax of religion. The student of these phenomena suspends his judgment on metaphysical and theological questions: they are not his business. He studies and describes religious phenomena simply as they appear. And of these basic symbols there is only a limited number. This is probably because they correspond to the limited number of basic and typical human situations. Thus, for example, in religions where deity is experienced as a personal entity the relationship is limited to certain possible forms: father-child, king-subject, lover-beloved, master-slave, friend-friend, and so on.

The analytical psychologist works on similar lines with phenomena. For him the realities of the soul are phenomena; they are empirical facts. They reveal characteristic patterns. Thus it is not academic interest that brings the analytical psychologist to religion, but therapeutic necessity. He is not talking about the 'psychology of religion'. He finds certain psychic manifestations, e.g. dreams, which have a distinctly religious character. Their images and symbols, as well as their form, are religious. They are often mysterious and overwhelming; they are what Rudolf Otto called numinous. These experiences, charged

with numinous significance, have a symbolism or language which the patient is unable to understand. At times, the doctor himself cannot understand them. Human and animal figures, colours, numerical and geometrical patterns, whole stories or incidents are produced in dreams such as have an exact analogy with the kind of figures, patterns and incidents that are studied by ethnology and comparative religion. One of Jung's patients described a phantasy which was almost identical with an account given in an ancient Mithras-liturgy; the text of which was only published some years later. A merchant suffering from a neurosis produced a drawing which represented in all essentials the god Kari of the Orang Semang on Malacca, of whom he knew absolutely nothing. Some of these spontaneous fantasies no doubt are attributable to cryptomnesia; but many are not. Apparently, things go on in the soul which it cannot or does not express in words, but in myths and images remarkably like those of known religions. Perhaps myth is just a special sort of language; a language which expresses in its own way realities that apparently cannot be expressed otherwise. My patients (says the psychologist) are talking almost the same language as religions; and he investigates mythologies and folklores in order to decipher his patient's language.

The incidence of identical or similar symbols at so many different places and times and among different groups seems to suggest the existence of certain general patterns of psychic behaviour, e.g. a river bed may be dry. But if it is filled with water the water will follow the course of the river bed. An eye may be blind or blindfolded, or in a dark room. But if it sees, it will see colours because it is an eye, that is, an instrument sensitive in a special way to certain wavelengths. The soul seems to have similar moulds of experience, certain 'matrices' or forms of action. These moulds of experience or river beds of the soul are what Jung calls archetypes. Analytical psychologists work on this hypothesis. As against the Freudian psycho-analysts, they believe that these archetypes do not consist of individual material, belonging to this or that particular ego. Not all symbols are introjections of experiences and phantasies of childhood or otherwise repressed and distorted personal material. Jung thinks that archetypes are part of the psychic organisation of the human species, much as the secretion of bile is part of our physiological organisation. It may well be that the archetypes belong to the system of instincts of which they would be, so to speak, the psychoid side.

There is thus nothing particularly mysterious about archetypes—at least, nothing more mysterious than about any of the other manifesta-

tions of life. They are innate, unconscious dispositions to react in a certain way or to produce certain representations whenever a specific psychic situation obtains. For example, there comes a moment in the lives of many people when they awaken to a full and acute awareness of the evil in themselves, the very evil that is usually so carefully repressed or so comfortably projected on some convenient scapegoat: the Jews, the capitalists, or the communists, or Rudolf. At this juncture an inferior or wicked, possibly dark or black, figure usually makes its appearance in dreams. Jung has called this archetypal figure the 'shadow'; it represents man's own dark side. We meet the shadow not only in dreams; we find him in myths and tales of hostile brothers, twins, doubles or 'opposite numbers', such as Baldr—Loki, Osiris—Set, Baal—Mot, Cain—Abel, Christ—Antichrist, Siegfried—Hagen, Faust—Mephisto, Jekyll—Hyde, and many more. To account for the general diffusion of such motifs, Jung does not resort to the questionable theory of the *Wandermarchen*. He rather assumes a psychic region to which these general, archetypal images belong. This region he calls the 'collective unconscious' because it is general or even universal. It is not confined to individual persons or even individual races or civilisations.

What Neurotic Symptoms Mean

Instead of collective unconscious, the term 'autonomous psyche' has been suggested. This term brings out another important fact: that parts of the human psyche which are not contained in the conscious ego have a habit of going their own way and pursuing their own ends, whether we like them or not. Complexes seem to enjoy a kind of autonomy. In former days people therefore used to speak of being possessed by demons, or devil-ridden. Nowadays we speak of compulsory neuroses, but it is more or less the same thing; it is a symptom of a lack of integration of personality against which the soul protests with neurotic symptoms. After all, we all take it for granted that the body, with its own entelechy, protests with pain and pathological symptoms against injustices done to it by unsuitable food and the like. The psyche is presumably no less mysterious than the body.

In the same way as doctors do with respect to the body, analytical psychologists assume an innate regulative tendency of the psyche, striving to secure a maximum of development. But the process of psychic development and self-realisation has its spiritual, in fact religious, aspects. This becomes evident when in the course of analysis the psyche produces all kinds of numinous images and archetypes out of the depths of the unconscious. In fact, this also explains the pseudo-mystical and pseudo-religious atmosphere surrounding so much of analytical psychology at its worst. But it does seem as if the collective unconscious, by producing the archetypes, mediates religious experience.

Professor Jung summed up his life's experience in the following words:

During the past thirty years people from all the civilised countries of the earth have consulted me. . . . Among all my patients in the second half of life—that is to say over thirty-five—there has not been one whose problem in the last resort was not that of finding a religious outlook on life. It is safe to say that every one of them fell ill because he had lost that which the living religions of every age have given to their followers, and none of them has been really healed who did not regain his religious outlook.

The proviso 'in the second half of life' should be noted. Experience seems to indicate that in the first half of life the energies of the psyche are directed towards adaptation to and establishment in the outer world. As soon as this is achieved, the energies change their course: man is required to find his 'inner' world.

Psychologists, consequently, often tend to believe that religions arose as the objectivation and projection of collective archetypal events. It is not for the psychologist to decide whether they are more than that in a metaphysical sense, whether primordial images and ideas correspond to an objective reality 'outside', whether, e.g., the archetypal Trinity experienced by the psyche answers to an objective Trinity as affirmed in Christian dogma. But that the archetypes are real and active as images and ideas there can be no doubt at all. Science cannot grasp God. I do not think it even wants to. But it can and does discover and examine the human idea of God—including the archetype or concept of 'revelation'. Of course, it would be just as foolish and unscientific to conclude that there is no God from the fact that there is very certainly an idea of God, as it would be to suppose that the eye can see nothing but its own process of seeing. Archetypal experience has, as a rule, a distinctly transcendental quality. That is why Jung carefully distinguishes between *Ich-erfahrung* and *Innen-*

erfahrung, that is to say, if we experience something within ourselves it does not follow that we experience ourselves. But, however that may be, it is certainly not the psychologist's business to smuggle the ontological proof into his science.

Experience seems to suggest that one of the most potent archetypes is that which symbolises completeness and self-realisation. Usually, this symbol is an arrangement based on the number four: four colours, four people, a square, a circle, or different combinations of these. Integration seems to mean the whole man—body and soul, conscious and unconscious, light and darkness, good and evil. Man seems to realise his self only if he also realises that he is 'man', neither beast nor angel. Unlike the beast, his hands can reach towards heaven; unlike the angels, both his feet must walk the earth, for if he attempts to fly he falls like Icarus. The psychologist would say that the inflation of consciousness leads to possession by the unconscious. We repress too much (and too unsuccessfully) our 'lower' instincts. This has been brought home to us by psycho-analysis. We can also repress the equally imperious and much more exacting demands of our 'higher' instincts. Analytical psychology insists on that. We can repress the spirit, like Adam hiding behind a tree or Jonah fleeing before God. To achieve true humanity neither should be repressed, and it is perhaps this insight that is also meant by the symbol of the resurrection of the body, as distinct from faith in the immortality and survival of the soul.

The psychologist's neurosis and the theologian's state of sin—wide as the difference between them is—both imply maladjustment to a kind of reality. Psychological analysis and regeneration both mean the relinquishing of an inadequate ego-position and the finding of a new centre of one's personality. The difference is, of course, that the theologian talks of objective, valid, though transcendental facts, whereas the psychologist, more modestly, will never presume to talk about anything but empirical psychic states. The urge towards integration is strikingly illustrated by a dream in which the dreamer found herself in a circular room, which might be taken to represent her potential selfhood. The room was divided into two by a wall. She felt that she *had* to get into the other half of the room, but as there was no door in the wall she *had* to descend a staircase and mount again on the other side. The sense of psychic dissociation and incompleteness, the need for integration to be achieved only by a 'descent' into the depths of the unconscious is expressed most clearly. One is at once reminded of all the stories of descents into the underworld to find the 'treasure' (which may mean the self); of Faust's descent to the 'mothers'; of the cabalistic doctrine of the 'descent for the sake of ascent', of Baptism and, in fact, of all rites symbolising death and submergence followed by rebirth.

Projections of Psychic Processes

If, therefore, analytical psychology has anything to say concerning the good or ill of our civilisation, it is that, whether religious imagery is true or not in terms of metaphysical or historical propositions, it is socially and psychologically true and necessary as the means of reconciling the conscious and unconscious. This does not, of course, mean that I am pleading on purely psychological grounds, for or against any religion in particular. Obviously no psychologist can pretend to know whether Jesus actually rose from the dead or whether Moses received ten commandments written with the finger of God. This is the historian's business. But the psychologist can point to archetypal dispositions that might account for psychic processes being 'projected' into the outside world and then regarded as historical events. Similarly, without ever indulging in theology or metaphysics, he may point out to the philosopher the archetypal basis of philosophical concepts. But most psychologists would, I suppose, agree that the symbolism of the known religions represents expressions and projections of basic psychic functions. To discard the symbols completely and indiscriminately, because we have outgrown them in certain important respects, would be throwing away the child with the bath-water.

The problem is particularly acute for western civilisation. The occidental psyche, as contrasted with the eastern, has been turned towards its conscious function. We have reaped the blessing and the curse of this one-sided orientation: a highly developed science and technology on the one hand, and, on the other, a disastrous neglect of the realities of the soul and a complete lack of healthy come-and-go between our conscious ratio and our unconscious life-roots. The situation was succinctly described once by a lunatic who confided to Professor Jung: 'Doctor, last night I disinfected the whole of heaven

with carbolic, but there was no God to be found! ' By disregarding the profounder and often terrible realities of the psyche we do not build a world of luminous human wisdom but the exact reverse. Instead of emancipating the human being we let out the beast, because the purely rational man becomes the helpless prey of the irrational, destructive, and even daemonic forces in his unconscious. To borrow a picture from the Apocalypse: if you believe that you have securely locked up the beast in the depth of the abyss, it is sure to get loose again one day, perhaps after 1,000 years, and to ravage the earth.

The form this problem can take with modern man is illustrated by a dream, one of a long series, reported by a patient in analysis. The dreamer was a typical modern intellectual atheist. His earlier dreams had revealed a radical and incisive, though unconscious, criticism of the rationalist position. Then came the following dream:

I was in a hut in Alaska, there was a knock at the door and in came Santa Claus. He was very exhausted and said: 'So much snow and I cannot find a single crystal!' I pitied the old man and went out with him to help him in his search. We were both searching very hard, lying on our knees each with a magnifying glass in his hand. But we only found little, amorphous (*i.e.*, structureless) lumps clotted together, and no single crystal. The old man said sadly: 'The

strength of the middle is missing', and I answered, 'Yes, the tabernacle is empty'.

The old man, Santa Claus, represents what Jung has called the archetype of meaning. Considering the infinite variety of snow-crystals, rather like the infinite variety of human individuals of which the Rabbis of the Talmud said that all are God's image and yet all are different, one understands what it means that not one crystal is to be found, that is, no single 'structured' snowflake. It is a picture of present-day humanity. Amorphous, structureless individuals, clotted together in amorphous groups and masses because there is no real, significant centre. 'The strength of the middle', that which by its mere presence would give form and meaning and structure to the whole, and turn it from a dull lump into a bright crystal, is sadly missing. The tabernacle, the shrine, is empty.

This dream is, I think, a typical symptom of a very widespread uneasiness. It tells us a psychological—and, I would insist again, not necessarily a theological—truth: the truth that only by a re-awakening of a sense of the holy and by a return to the realities of our unconscious psyche is it possible to integrate again the human personality and, *pro tanto*, human society.—*Third Programme*

'The Eternal Triangle'

(continued from page 667)

America came in. In the final test France and Britain are both too stretched by commitments overseas to prevail together against a hostile Germany with its resources all concentrated in the heart of Europe. But for the same reason France and Britain could not resist Russia unless they had help from a friendly Germany.

So if there is ever to be a solution of the German problem, it must be not in a European but in an Atlantic framework. The Atlantic Community is the only framework which has a chance of holding Germany's allegiance for long without coming under German control. It is not, of course, a supranational or federal community—and is most unlikely to become one. And that is a good thing so long as France and Germany distrust one another. To this extent, at least, nations are like human beings. If two countries are very bad neighbours, always quarrelling, the last way to solve their differences is to force them into marriage like a continental federation, so that they have to eat breakfast alone together as long as they both shall live. That is an invitation to murder. The only answer is to bring them into a club where they will meet other people and find wider interests to engage their attention. I must say I can never follow France on this point. At present she absolutely refuses to let Germany join the Atlantic Community as an equal. Even if Germany joins a supranational European Army, France plans to keep her out of Nato. To create a supranational continental community whose predominant member is kept outside the Atlantic Community is asking for trouble. Either such discrimination would provoke Germany into breaking out of the continental community and joining Russia as soon as she had some armed forces behind her. Or she would take the whole of the Continent out of the Atlantic Community with her. This would create a Third Force in the world with a vengeance—and it is the only sort of Third Force which is practical politics in the foreseeable future—a Third Force dominated by Germany.

The only alternative to such a Third Force—apart from German-Soviet alliance—is a powerful and developing Atlantic Community. For Britain an Atlantic Community has other immense advantages. It is the only way of avoiding a choice between Europe, America, and the Commonwealth—the three sides of Britain's eternal triangle. Britain is lost the day she has to make that choice.

Then why have we done so little in the past few years to strengthen the Atlantic Community? In fact, we have done something to weaken it: by twice changing our arms programme without even consulting Nato, by seeking bilateral consultation with the Americans outside Nato; we have given the impression that we see little more in the Atlantic Community than an old-fashioned Anglo-American alliance. It is easy enough to find excuses. America's own Atlantic policy has been paralysed for nearly three years by election fever, the anti-Communist witch-hunt, and the war in Korea. And by trying to build a continental community on terms which were bound to exclude Britain, France declared her own indifference to the Atlantic Community and

seemed to leave Britain no alternative but a bilateral arrangement with the U.S.A.

Of course, if Britain had to choose between Europe and America, she would choose America, if only to preserve the Commonwealth. But it would be very much the lesser of two evils. Britain can never hope again to develop the sort of partnership with the U.S.A. which she enjoyed for most of the second world war. At that time America had no alternative to Britain in Europe. And, even so, when the 'Big Three' conferences came, she often sided with the Soviet Union against Britain. America will never again commit herself to so exclusive an alliance with a single foreign power.

All these excuses for Britain's loss of interest in the Atlantic Community make little sense today. And Russia's new policy makes action urgent. By relaxing Cold-War tensions, Russia hopes to give tensions in the non-Communist world full play. Unless there is a swift initiative to restore the drive to unity in the non-Communist world, we shall soon be back in an anarchy of power politics which is bound to lead to war—as Stalin predicted last October. We cannot expect the Continent to take the initiative—anti-Americanism is too strong there. The continental countries will remain indifferent to the Atlantic Community as long as they imagine there is any chance of getting Britain in without America. It is for Britain to show the continental powers that they cannot have the sort of British help they want unless America's co-operation is also assured through a strengthening of Nato. Until Britain takes an unequivocal stand along these lines the ghost of a Great Europe will continue to impede progress and anti-Americanism will do its deadly work. Palliatives such as the so-called Eden Plan do more harm than good by falsifying Britain's real position.

The crucial difficulty will lie in persuading the Americans to accept the stronger and more lasting ties with Europe which are required. But a collective approach from all her European allies together is more likely to succeed than the present humiliating procession of Prime Ministers to Washington—each hoping for something the others will not get, and each returning with empty hands. Unless there is such an approach fairly soon the Atlantic Community, which has been stagnating for the past three years, will start decomposing altogether. It is wholly in Britain's interest to take the lead. It is equally in France's interest to join her. For as the western Foreign Ministers declared originally in Washington, it is only within a constantly developing Atlantic Community that a continental community can survive. And it is only within the Atlantic Community that France can get what she needs from Britain.—*Third Programme*

The Present Question Conference will meet at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, from August 8-15. The conference believes that in the wide field of adult education the most pressing need today is to bridge the gaps between the specialists in all the varying fields of modern society. The secretariat of the conference is at 37, Middleway, London, N.W.11.

NEWS DIARY

April 15-21

Wednesday, April 15

Mr. Gaitskell opens Opposition case against Budget in House of Commons

Bombs exploded in Buenos Aires during speech by President Perón

General Hinde, new Director of Operations in Kenya, publishes his first emergency directive in campaign against the Mau Mau

Thursday, April 16

Nationalist Party in South Africa wins majority of seats in General Election

President Eisenhower appeals to new leaders of Soviet Union to agree to a political settlement

U.N. Political Committee unanimously accepts resolution about Korean armistice

Rioting takes place in Buenos Aires during

which the Jockey Club is burnt down

Friday, April 17

The Prime Minister, speaking in Glasgow, welcomes President Eisenhower's speech

The Governor-General of Pakistan dismisses the Cabinet and invites Mr. Mohammad Ali to form a government

Saturday, April 18

U.N. General Assembly unanimously endorses resolution on Korea passed by its Political Committee

Mr. Gromyko is appointed a first Deputy Foreign Minister by Soviet Union; Mr. Malik is appointed Soviet Ambassador in London

Mr. Nazimuddin claims that the dismissal of his Government by the Governor-General of Pakistan was illegal

General Election is held in Japan

Sunday, April 19

Liaison officers at Panmunjom agree that full-scale truce talks shall be resumed on April 25

Many critics of the Argentine Government are arrested in Buenos Aires

A European farmer is found murdered near the Uganda border of Kenya

Monday, April 20

Exchange of sick and wounded prisoners begins in Korea

Chancellor of Exchequer winds up debate on Budget

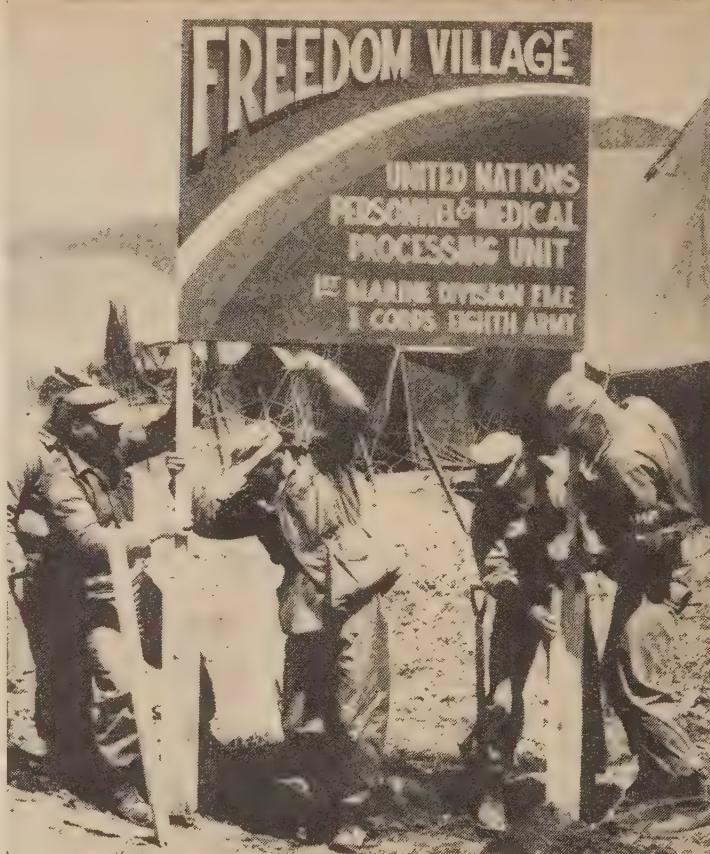
Prime Minister makes statement in Commons on President Eisenhower's speech

Tuesday, April 21

H.M. the Queen celebrates her twenty-seventh birthday

Captain Holt, formerly British Minister in Seoul, and other civilians interned in Korea for nearly three years, leave Moscow for home

German Protestant bishops condemn religious persecution in eastern Germany



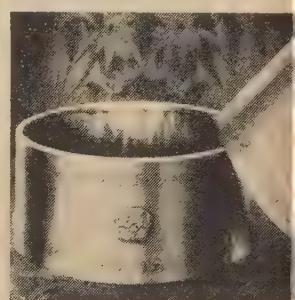
The first exchange of sick and wounded prisoners-of-war between the United Nations and the Communists in Korea started at Panmunjom on April 20. American troops erecting a sign outside the reception centre for prisoners released by the Communists at Munsan which has been named 'Freedom Village'



The new 4,000-ton royal yacht 'Britannia' entering the water after she had been launched by the Queen at Clydebank on April 16. (See also page 669)



Mr. Jacob Malik who is to Andrei Gromyko as Russian Ambassador to the United Kingdom. Mr. Malik, forty-six, was permanent Soviet representative to the United Nations from 1946 to 1951. During his four years there he played a prominent part in many of the major decisions, especially those on Korea. He becomes a first Deputy Foreign Minister.



The design for the new Bracelet is being made for the Queen. They are to be a gift from Australia and Southern Rhodesia. The existing pair made for the Queen by Charles II





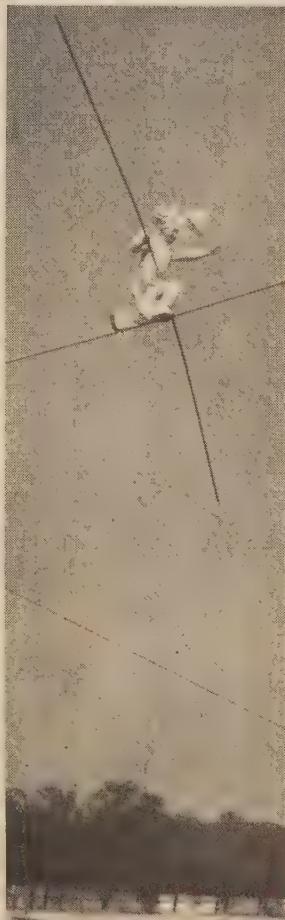
A unanimous vote in the United Nations: Mr. Vishinsky joining with Mr. Ernest Gross (U.S.A.) and Mr. P. M. Crosthwaite (United Kingdom) in supporting the new western proposals on Korea put forward in the Political Committee on April 16. The resolution, adopted by all sixty members, expressed hope for an early armistice, and provided for the recall of the Assembly if an armistice is concluded



Samburu and Algeo tribesmen, armed with bows and arrows, assisting men of the Kenya Regiment to track down Mau Mau terrorists in the Mount Kenya area last week. Kenya police last week-end detained three-quarters of the Mau Mau leaders in Nairobi during a round-up



The Association Football International between England and Scotland at Wembley on Saturday: England's goalkeeper tries unsuccessfully to save Scotland's second goal, thirty seconds before time. The match ended in a draw, two-all



Contestants taking part in the annual hop-stringing competition which was held at Collier Street, Kent, last week. The competition encourages ability in a highly skilled branch of agricultural work

Left: the 'Cutty Sark', the last and most famous of the clippers, which is to be restored and preserved as a memorial to the Merchant Navy. It is proposed that she should be ultimately dry-berthed at Greenwich



Left: accompanied by his performing birds Rover, the French acrobat, photographed as he crossed the Seine by tight-rope in Paris last week

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The Idea of Don Juan

By V. S. PRITCHETT

SPAIN has given two universal figures to the world: Don Quixote and Don Juan, a knight and a devil. Both are wanderers, both are obsessed, both are above all men of courage. But whereas Don Quixote is a character of great complexity, Don Juan is absurdly simple. He is not really a character at all. He is an impulse. He represents a universal myth, a popular general wish which inhabits some part of all men and which varies from country to country. In the past twenty years one or two Spanish critics—notably Ramiro de Maeztu and Dr. Marañón—have denied that there is anything especially Spanish about him. There is no great literature of gallantry in Spain. The Spanish notion of love is the love of monogamous marriage, the hearth jealously protected; also, it must be said, of the handy brothel. It was an accident, the critics say, that Don Juan was started off by a Spanish playwright in the early seventeenth century. On the other hand, one notices that Spanish pride hardens considerably when you suggest that Don Juan is a typical character of the Italian Renaissance, like, say, Caesar Borgia.

Rudimentary Human Essence

The important fact is that the original Spanish Don Juan is a rudimentary human essence, a daemon without complexity, and that he differs in a fundamental respect from the Don Juans of other countries. The difference is that he does not love, for one moment. On the whole, I think Ramiro de Maeztu was right when he said that there are two Don Juans: the one who appears north of the Pyrenees who is the romantic rebel, the endless seeker of an ideal; and the Spanish who is not a lover but an energy or will to power, who obtains it with almost machine-like monotony in the sexual act only. The lack of idealism (Spaniards seem to agree) is very Spanish; idealism is replaced by obsession, by fantasy, by the militant desire to go to the limit. It might even be said that in the works of the Spanish mystics, also, the divine bride or divine husband is reached by the established erotic and psychological processes of love and not by a leap into a platonic or spiritual world.

Don Juan has two possible ends to his career—and there are two plays about Don Juan in Spanish literature—either he is dragged down to the fires of hell, as in the seventeenth-century play of Tirso de Molina, or he may be redeemed, as he is by Zorrilla's melodrama in the nineteenth century, by the intercession of an innocent girl's love. In the first Don Juan, by Tirso de Molina, he is dragged to Hell by the statue of the *Commendador* whom he has murdered. In the nineteenth-century play he dies but is rescued for Heaven at the very last minute by the innocent love of Doña Inés. In the character of Zorrilla's Doña Inés the decisive fact is that she is hardly more than a child and she has never known love: she is for that reason alone Don Juan's match. She had not even heard of him or his reputation.

Ramiro de Maeztu's generalisation about the European and Spanish Don Juan is very nearly true. But there is a surprising exception to it. There is a powerful, unadulterated Don Juan in English literature, one more of those instances which suggest some secret, subterranean affinity between the Spaniards and the English: I mean the character of Lovelace in Samuel Richardson's novel *Clarissa*. In destructive will, in masculinity, determined and lawless, Lovelace is almost the only foreigner who can stand up to the Spanish Don Juan, the only one who is pushed to the limit and who can be redeemed by intercession alone. The Spanish Don Juan is not an amorist, he is not a lascivious sensualist or a gallant; if we regard him as pure evil he is undraped in that civilisation or intellectuality which are usually attributed to the contemptuous chastity of the traditional figure of the devil; like the English Lovelace, the Spanish Don Juan of Tirso is equipped with all the practical abilities of a Machiavelli.

Tirso de Molina's play is called 'El Burlador de Sevilla'—the 'Mocker' or practical joker, not the lover of Seville. He is very Andalusian in one respect: in his liking for violent or dangerous jokes, follies, and tricks. His malice is provoked by the extreme conventionality of society and perhaps he owes his popularity to that still because of the

intense formality of Spanish custom. As with Lovelace, his real enemy is not woman but the family, who are just as militant in defence as he is in attack. In effect, he is the noble knight in reverse, setting women free—but for grief and evil. Tirso's play is forceful, concentrated, and intense, and it has one or two brilliant decisive dramatic lines in it. In the very first scene he brings out Don Juan's character unmistakably. The scene is a room in the royal palace at Naples; the place is in darkness and Don Juan is making love to the Duchess Isabel. He has passed himself off in the dark as the man to whom the girl is betrothed. When she finds out his deceit, she cries out 'Who are you?' Don Juan replies, 'A man without a name'. And when the King and the Guards come rushing in and say, 'Who is there?', Don Juan answers laconically, 'A man with a woman, what else could it be!' The intensity, the defiance of that reply! Male and female: the world narrowed down to sex, to the primitive human situation, the basic pattern of the dance.

But it is not the commonplace 'boy meets girl' situation. He is the spirit of darkness. 'What are you doing in my room at night?' cries Aminta. 'These hours', cries Don Juan in a magnificent line, 'are mine'. The most destructive male has to meet the most inaccessible woman. Don Juan owes it to his honour to choose difficulty, the almost impossible, the royal duchess, the friend's betrothed, the bride at her wedding feast, the novice in her convent. It will be objected that when he is shipwrecked on the Spanish coast and swims ashore into the arms of the fisher girl, Thisbea, he has a very easy prey. There is no doubt something very grotesque in this scene, with Don Juan playing the half-drowned rat, cold and weak. But there he is, soon on his feet, talking nineteen to the dozen with the vanity of a small boy. Speed ('I'll have her tonight') is his watchword; energy and action are his characteristics. Convention obliges him to trick by promises of marriage—there is no cult of passion or love for its own sake which could let him off—and as fast as he seduces he is making arrangements for the get-away. Saddle the horses. Vengeance will pursue him. He is always in triumphant flight—and, incidentally, a very amusing traveller.

Enemy and Destroyer

A liar, a deceiver, a betrayer of friends, a brawler, and murderer (solely for his object), the Spanish Don Juan is an enemy and a destroyer. He has, as I say, one virtue: animal courage. He is not afraid of God or man; he is a freedom-fantasy. Total freedom and unlimited energy for enjoying it. As for eternal punishment, that is a long way off. He is not afraid of the living or the dead. He pulls the stone beard of the statue of the *Commendador* and asks him to dinner. In Zorrilla's play, Don Juan's crimes are made even more explicit. They are unspeakable. No man is so ruthless or so cruel. The difference between the two plays comes from nineteenth-century sentimentality in love and religion, for in Zorrilla, Don Juan is weakened by that glimpse of innocent love in Doña Inés and, so some extent, ceases to be Don Juan, and when he is hauled up to Heaven for a last-minute forgiveness by God, he is at the point of violent conversion to sanctity! Tirso was more humane than the melodramatic and morally shocking Zorrilla who was playing to the Madrid gallery; for Tirso shows us the grief, the misery, and indignation of the many deserted women. There is also a good deal of wild vanity left in Don Juan at the end of Zorrilla, for God himself has made a special exception of Don Juan, and this particular scene goes down stupendously with popular audiences. His death—and how Spanish audiences love this!—is his greatest success. It is the popular, animal orgy of Spanish egotism, the orgy of the implacable and immovable 'Yo' or 'I' of the Spanish nature which, as Ganivet said, carries on its passport the words: 'This Spaniard is authorised to do whatever he wants'. Pride, courage, extremism, energy, anarchism, and fantasy are the Spanish substitutes for that idealism which is given to the Don Juans of the north.

Yet if Tirso's 'Don Juan' had been simply a play about a rapacious man who runs after women, we can doubt if it would have had the myth-creating quality. Again and again, we find in literature that, in its origin, a work of great talent or genius is the result of the crossing

of two, often disparate ideas, not the copy of one idea from life. The 'Burlador' is of course really two plays: the original theme of Don Juan married to the old folk-legend of the dead man invited to the feast. In some parts of Spain up to the eighteenth century the peasants used to go to the churches on All Souls' night and, as the wine went to their heads, they would raise their glasses to the dead and end, sacrilegiously, by inviting the dead to drink. Zorrilla's play is of course given on All Souls' night every year in many Spanish towns. Dr. Marañon, who has written with scepticism about the cult of Don Juan, goes as far as to say that the religious and funeral and gloomy elements in Tirso's play are the only Spanish thing in it: the rest is Italy, Machiavelli, the Renaissance gangster or *condottiere*. This argument is a counterblast to those who have seen in Don Juan a variant of the Spanish conquistador. ('Oh my America, my promised land!') The addition of the funeral episode is certainly a stroke of poetic genius and justice, for if Don Juan is pure energy that outruns and defies the living, the supreme blasphemy of the ego will meet its master when it defies the dead. Don Juan is, of course, touchy on the point of honour, and never so touchy as when the dead put his honour to the test. The Spanish nature seems to insist that even in his sacrifice and defeat at the hands of religion, he still keeps his honour. God is obliged tactfully to make room for the honour of Don Juan.

There have been many dubious suggestions about the original Don Juan. The French novelist, Mérimée, started the picturesque legend that Don Juan was Mañara, a minor Spanish mystic, who after a youth of debauch built a charitable *hospice* in Seville, with the inscription on his tomb 'Here lie the ashes of the worst man the world has ever known'. This notion belongs to the *sang, volupté, et mort* interpretation of Spain which the French circulated in their passion for romanticising the sexual life of other countries. Mañara ordered the painter Valdes Leal to paint a picture for the chapel of his *hospice*, a picture of richly dressed skeletons and a hand dangling a balance filled with bones and jewels. But the sad fact is that Mañara was born far too late to be the model of Don Juan. Dr. Marañon thinks it may have been the Duke of Villamediana: a magnificent of the court of Philip IV, he was a celebrated lover, gambler, poet, aristocrat, bullfighter; and psychologists were delighted when it was lately discovered that this famous conqueror of women was assassinated in the course of a homosexual scandal at the court. One cannot help suspecting that male jealousy is responsible for the theories of homosexuality and impotence which nowadays explain Don Juan.

The effeminacy of the natural Don Juan has however often been noted: the great attention to dress and elegance. But this is surely a characteristic of Renaissance man. On the other hand, the last time I was in Madrid there was a light, cynical play on Don Juan by Benavente, the Spanish Somerset Maugham, and the point was that Don Juan is the man who attracts men by his tales so that the women who long for him find themselves neglected. The original Don Juan was a great boaster about his conquests, and if one spends an evening with Spanish men there is usually one who keeps everyone spell-bound

by this kind of fantastic story. If Don Juan is not really a Spanish type, he is certainly a Spanish wish, perhaps brought into being by the loneliness of Spanish males, their puritanism, the closed home, the poverty of social life, the relative segregation of the women who are notably dominant and militant in private life. When there is a cult of marriage and motherhood (which there is in Spain), then there is inevitably an absence of any strong feeling for love as a design to be perfected for its own sake, and a corresponding rebel feeling for sex without marriage and without love. Unamuno once described Spanish love as respectable, animal and without fineness.

When Dr. Marañon debunked Don Juan he was furiously attacked by angry Spanish males. He was destroying a national fantasy. When people responded with Don Juan-esque tales from Seville and other places in Andalusia, which is the home of the legend, Dr. Marañon argued that two characteristics of Andalusian life had been romanticised. First, one comes across vestiges of Moorish harem life there, and while this may redound to the honour of sexual energy, it also covers the modern sultan of the small Spanish town with the ridicule and inconveniences of excessive fertility. The other Andalusian characteristic is more important: the gipsy culture. Here, in energy, cunning, drama, and egotistical feeling, the gipsies display in a few words of genius the tragic or lyrical phases of love; in their songs they sing: 'Child of chance and the Moor', 'Soft as the almond to the teeth, but bitter to the mouth', 'Jealousy is like the tides of the sea'. But since love is unknown to Don Juan, so is jealousy. There is no gipsy in Don Juan. The gipsy sings of nothing but passion, jealousy, and death; Don Juan is a mere collector of scalps.

As I have said, extremism, endless energy, the insuperable 'I' are the true essence of the Spanish Don Juan. For that reason he has been compared to the ruthless conquistador, like Pizarro. But the conquistador was the emissary of an age of faith and social unity and idealism, whereas Don Juan appears in times of corruption, anarchy, and loss of faith. He rises, as he did in the reign of Philip IV, when the Spanish faith was broken: he reappeared, with Zorrilla, in similar circumstances in the nineteenth century. He became a figure of the Revolution.

The universal wish comes to the surface in bad times, when persons become violent as the restraints of society weaken. It is possible, however, that civilisation has killed Don Juan. He is certainly reduced in stature by the emancipation of women. He is becoming a forgotten monument to their seclusion—as Dr. Marañon says, a victim of the telephone and the motor-car, the prey of the psychiatrist who finds in him 'a fixation in the undifferentiated sexuality of adolescence'. It is at this point, I must say, that one rebels. We do not confuse Don Juan with the amoral, with the man who has the talent for love, or even with the ordinary promiscuous person. But he did represent pride, sin, egotism, and the will to power. What the analysts have analysed away is the demonic in the human imagination—the demonic, and also the whole idea that, between individuals, there are major differences of natural magnetism, force, and genius.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Central African Federation

Sir,—The Africans do not want federation because they know the kind of people who may take power. This is their primary objection. Kenneth Bradley states (THE LISTENER, April 9) that if federation is rejected the white extremists will press for European domination. In his implication that Europeans will no longer fight for domination once federation is a fact, he does in fact admit that the necessity for a fight will have disappeared because federation will have assured Europeans of what amounts to absolute power. In other words, federation, whatever else it may appear to be, is primarily an affair in the interests of European domination.

Mr. Bradley also remarks that without federation 'the black extremists will be encouraged by one victory to resist every measure that does not

lead towards their goal of African domination'. This is perfectly understandable. They are mature enough to be fully aware that they must always press for domination because the European minority will always oppose an African hand in affairs that may compel them eventually to depart from Central Africa. The white population is a tiny minority which, like all minorities, should be given every consideration, but which would be helping itself if it were deliberately to act on the assumption that sooner or later Africans must attain a constitutional majority.—Yours, etc.,

Paris XIV

GEOFFREY BAKER

Britain and France

Sir,—Mr. G. E. Assinder (in his letter in THE LISTENER of April 9) proposes a divisionist and

needlessly pessimistic alternative to Anglo-American alliance in an alliance of Britain and France. On what evidence is 'a united western society fading before our eyes', and 'it is doubtful whether Americans think in terms of alliance as much as hegemony'? The cold facts are that a 'Western European Federation' cannot be constructed and, once constructed, cannot be successfully maintained, in the absence of American participation. Why openly declare so desirable an objective as American participation as doomed to failure, or prefer an Anglo-French alliance to one in which all the western nations share? Is Mr. Assinder blinded by intense national feeling to recognition that the power, wealth, and influence of America is necessary to ensure the success of the growing supranational movements in the west? The time is past when

the solution proposed by M. Servan-Schreiber (THE LISTENER, March 26) constructing a new 'third power' by rearranging the chessmen of international power politics (which, incidentally, may have been a British skill in the past) is either realistically possible or desirable.

I should like to see common citizenship or, at the least, the removal of trade and travel restrictions between the western European states and America as a first step to a genuine world community. Let us never make the mistake of separating the English-speaking nations in any attempt at supranational federation in the western world.—Yours, etc.,

West Bridford

R. TAYLOR

Greenland in the Modern World

Sir,—Miss Marjorie Findlay's broadcast, 'Greenland in the Modern World' (THE LISTENER, April 9), excellent in many ways, struck me as unfair to the Greenlanders themselves.

The assertion that 'it would be wrong to expect either economic or political independence for the people of Greenland' seems to imply that they are hardly worth helping. As an impartial observer who has recently visited the principal west-coast settlements, numerous small outposts, two American air bases, and the Danish Naval Station at Gronnedal, I deplore the dismissal of the Greenlanders as primitive, uneducated, or work-shy. It is true that some are still leading a Stone Age life, but their number is dwindling and many Greenlanders are embracing new opportunities with gusto. Moreover, they are showing themselves resourceful and adaptable in a variety of occupations.

To say that some have become cod fishermen 'after a fashion' is an understatement. Today there are eighty stations from which fish is exported to countries in southern Europe. Some are equipped with modern filleting, freezing, and packing plants—all operated by Greenlanders. About ten per cent. of the population is engaged in the fishing industry. Nearly 600 fishermen own motor-boats, which range from twenty-footers to sizeable fishing cutters.

The discovery, in 1948, of the world's largest shrimp beds in Disko Bay has led to the development of another branch of the fishing industry, and Greenlanders today operate quick-freezing and canning plants in two or three centres. Greenland shrimps may soon find their way to tables throughout the world.

As the use of motor craft has become general, repair and boat-building yards have sprung up—notably at Egedesminde and Holsteinsborg. All are manned by Greenlanders. In the somewhat milder south, where some 20,000 sheep are reared, a huge cold-storage and canning plant has been established. Already there is enough mutton for home consumption; an exportable surplus is forecast.

Elsewhere, up and down the coast, Greenlanders are employed as radio mechanics, telegraphists, carpenters, smiths, storekeepers, clerks, coopers, printers, bookbinders, midwives, nurses, librarians, broadcasters, bakers, hairdressers, cashiers, and telephonists. Greenlanders take readings of scientific instruments in the Magnetic Observatory at Godhavn; others run fire services or are clergymen or teachers.

Godthaab, the capital, has had its own printing press since 1861 and has issued books and newspapers in Greenlandic ever since. The first novel by a Greenlander was published in 1914, and recent productions have included such classics as *Settlers in Canada*, *Children of the New Forest*, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, *Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales*, and several works by Jules Verne. Editions of 2,000 to 3,000 sell easily among the 22,000 population described by Miss Findlay as 'still a primitive, largely un-

educated people'. The Greenlanders are eager readers, snap up pamphlets on world affairs, hold discussion groups, and take an interest in most topics. They have had their own broadcasting system since 1942.

The truth is that the Greenlanders, notwithstanding their primitive origin and the bleak austerity of their background, are developing fast. They are a people of intelligence and charm; they have an eye for colour and design; an ear for music; a sense of humour; and are well aware that the destiny of their country is linked inexorably with a world far beyond their own frozen shores. To suggest that such a people can have no economic future is unthinkable. They have a long and difficult road to travel, certainly, and many obstacles will have to be overcome. But when have difficulties or obstacles hindered the progress of mankind? If the expansion recorded since the war continues at the same tempo, the next decade may well see Greenland taking its place as a happy and prosperous member of the family of nations.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.2 GEOFFREY WILLIAMSON

Paying for the Welfare State

Sir,—Though one could hardly disagree with Mr. Peacock's liberal sentiments (THE LISTENER, April 16), his insistence that the welfare state should 'let the individual puzzle out the difficult problem of allocating his income, subsidised or unsubsidised, according to his own assessment of responsibility', is perhaps a little severe. There is ample evidence that bad spending habits are an important cause of hardship, and it seems perverse to rule out commodity taxes and subsidies, and transfers in kind where needs are specific, as a means of increasing social welfare.

The economic man is a serviceable fiction, but, as Mr. Peacock would doubtless agree, economics is capable of seriously misleading opinion on social matters unless it takes more account than it generally does of the sociological aspects of consumers' behaviour.—Yours, etc.,

Cardiff

J. D. POLE

Lancashire Faces the Future

Sir,—It seems to me desirable to comment on one aspect of the broadcast on 'Lancashire Faces the Future' (THE LISTENER, April 16). All the glass fibre products that I have examined have had one limitation that is characteristic of ordinary glass. Flexing of the fibre or fabric causes breakages of the glass. The use of glass fibres for window curtains has been mentioned. I have examined curtains of this type after they had been given an ordinary laundering; the fabric was ruined. On one occasion I was asked to report on a hat shape made from glass fibre. When the hat was handled small fragments of broken glass fibre fell through the air. I did not consider that the novelty would compensate for the risk of damage to the eyes.

Perhaps an entirely new type of glass fibre has been discovered. In THE LISTENER there is an illustration of two operatives handling a mass of glass fibre. Personally, I should feel very unhappy about the risks of breathing in small particles of glass, as well as the risk to the eyes that I have mentioned. I hope that the trade-union official, Mr. Naesmith, has discussed this possible industrial risk with the appropriate authorities.

If, in fact, some entirely new type of glass fibre has been discovered I think it would be well to make this clear. Otherwise the public may gain a wrong and dangerous impression about the ordinary glass fibre products which have the many industrial uses mentioned in the broadcast.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.7 J. GUILFOYLE WILLIAMS

The Cult of Evil

Sir,—There are big holes in the argument presented by Mr. Pryce-Jones in his talk on the modern novel (THE LISTENER, April 16). First, he is too rigidly insistent on the idea of the basic antinomies ('good and bad', etc.).

We must not assume that such clues are indispensable in a search for the 'truth of life', or that equivalent artistic order is a necessary condition of literary 'truth'. Virginia Woolf, for example, thought naturally of life as a succession of brightly coloured moments, with no reference to a central or controlling principle: and her novels prove that the 'libertarian' is not necessarily 'unreadable'; it is dishonest to take de Sade as the type of the 'libertarian', for his anarchism led him to the humanly (and therefore artistically) insufferable end of describing human life as 'a series of chemical experiments': he is atypical. Surely, a less narrow view of the possibilities of human life than Mr. Pryce-Jones' would admit that the 'libertarian' device of the stream of consciousness may enrich, not pervert, the scope of human experience; an awareness of human life as either disorganised or evil (Virginia Woolf's or Sartre's) may represent as intent or penetrating an insight into human living as one which is informed by Mr. Pryce-Jones' antinomies. Further, it is unfair to assume either that a 'disorganised' view of life entails emphasis of evil, or that such a view is no more than an 'artificial cult'.

Greene is one of Mr. Pryce-Jones' major exhibits: and surely we cannot refuse to regard his (or, say, William Faulkner's) sense of evil as a serious and natural way of responding to life. Finally Mr. Pryce-Jones' parting advice to young writers seems off the mark: he tells them to 'skip their contemporaries' because they evade 'interesting problems' of 'real people', which he lists. Joyce Cary, the foremost of those contemporaries, has devoted thirteen novels to those very problems—of government and religion (the African sequence), of 'living with someone else' (see especially his last two long chronicles of middle-class life, and his treatment of marriage in *The Moonlight*), or the moral problem of the sensitive hypocrite' (the central figure of *Prisoner of Grace*). The elementary comedy of Fielding, the stilted romances of Scott would be a poor exchange for the liberated sensibility and moral compassion of the writers mentioned above.

Yours, etc.,

DAVID M. CRAIG

The Understanding of Poetry

Sir,—Mr. Edward Startup (THE LISTENER, April 9), offers a translation of the passage quoted by your correspondent, A. P. Rossiter, and states that Mr. Rossiter's translation is wrong and therefore 'misleading'. The passage runs: 'Was im eigentlichsten und schärfsten Verstande erfunden wird, ist für die menschliche Gesellschaft nur selten wirklich nützlich'.

Mr. Startup would interpret it in the following way: 'What, in the truest and strictest sense of the word, is invented is only seldom of any real use to mankind'. However, it seems to me that this interpretation is also incorrect, since the word *Verstand* is a noun and can therefore only mean 'reason', 'intellect'. Only when *Verstand* is used as a verb can it mean 'understood'. If *scharf* is applied to reason, it means 'acute'.

I would suggest the following translation: 'That which is discovered through the exercise of pure and acutest reason is only seldom really useful to mankind'. *Erfunden*, when applied to 'reason', seems to mean 'discovered'. One does not usually speak of 'pure reason' as inventing things, but rather as discovering them.

Yours, etc.,

Berlin-Wilmersdorf ELIZABETH HUBBARD

My First Novel

By EMMA SMITH

WRITING my first book, *Maidens' Trip*, was the easiest thing in the world. It was as easy as falling off a log. Partly, this was due, I suppose, to being twenty-four, the age when confidence runs high and self-criticism low, when words and deeds and writing and loves and hates and the rest of it, all come out in a great exuberant splash. It is the age when one waters one's garden out of a bucket instead of, as later, sprinkling it through the rose of a watering-can. But the real easiness of writing *Maidens' Trip* lay in the nature of the book itself. If ever there was a natural primer for the beginner in book-writing, that was it. The very greenest young writer could hardly go far astray with the narrow banks and limited horizons of a canal for his inspiration.

... As Good as Done

As soon as I had settled that I must turn two years of plugging up and down the Grand Union Canal into a single trip, the job was as good as done. As a journey, the shape of the book was there already, a sort of triangle, and the time as well, three weeks—such a comfortably small amount of time to have to deal with, twenty-one days in fact, each of which was plainly meant to be a chapter. Nothing could have been neater, or more advantageously arranged to help the anxious pupil, to hold his hand and guide his step and generally see him through. It was a book for a baby to write, and I knew, quite cheerfully, that if I was stumped by this one, then I never should be able to write any, and since, from a very tender age, writing had been my chosen occupation, such failure was not to be thought of.

All the same, in producing *Maidens' Trip* I was going against my own long-established schemes: for I had planned differently. From all the various purifying fires I had gone through, from infant poetry, from the later blood-and-thunder period, from at least two embryonic books full of strange guesswork, from numbers of short stories, and from a whole cloud of literary admirations, there had finally emerged one crystal conviction: no *real* book—by which I meant no book splendid enough to end up in covers—no real book should be attempted by me until I had reached the distinct age of thirty. Until then I was to confine myself to the shallows of short-story writing; I would learn how to become proficient in the great by becoming proficient in the small. I know now the falsity of this argument, having learnt in the meantime that a really good short story is far more difficult to write than a fairly good book, and also that a short story is not simply a book in miniature but something entirely different.

My mind was then, however, firmly decided, when circumstances changed it for me: I fell on hard times. Or it would, perhaps, be more true to say that I threw myself on hard times. For when I was twenty-three it came over me suddenly that I had never been to France. So in the greatest possible hurry I set off, casting to one side the job that I lived by and taking with me my savings, £50, which seemed, on starting out, a very nice round sum. And so they were. Those fifty dear English pounds—how magnificently well they stood by me. They saw me through a dazzling French summer and an icy French autumn. They bloomed like the leaves along the Paris boulevards and as gently parted from me; I hardly felt them go until the last one fell and left me poundless. Scrambling for home, I found myself back at Victoria station with barely twopence, either in my pocket or in the world.

Now nothing makes a writer of me so quickly as shortness of money. The spirited words of friends cannot do it: the more they tease and admonish me the tighter I sit. And dreams of glory, which have carried better men to success, are just as useless: those moving words 'Dame Emma Smith' are too overpowering; they sound in my ear as the waves to the lotus-eaters, lulling, bemusing, and nothing gets done at all. But let me receive one of those short, dry communications from my bank manager, the shortest, the dryest, the one that says so little and means so much, and the effect is magical. Plots and characters and beginnings and middles and endings start up from every corner. So when, in the lean days of 1947, someone suggested to me that the canals were a selling subject, I saw at once the way to salvation. I was dying

to get back to France, and for this I had to have money. So it was that the decision not to write a book until I was thirty was overturned in the twinkling of an eye, and I began *Maidens' Trip* in a whirl of energy and a determination fixed on the channel steamer.

During this operation I quartered myself on my mother in Devonshire. I wonder if all mothers would have behaved as irreproachably as she did? Here was the true prodigal returning to her doorstep, penniless, after squanderings abroad, and announcing—as how many other sons and daughters must not have done?—that she was going to write a book in order to recover those fallen fortunes. My mother never turned a hair. She asked me no depressing questions and, moreover, from the first moment believed implicitly in this book—a book so optimistic that surely a less devoted spirit would have laughed it to scorn and given me, into the bargain, a thorough scolding. But no, not she. Each morning at half-past eleven I was spurred forward by coffee and biscuits, the telephone was subdued, all striking clocks were quite done away with, and a daily luncheon tray brought up to me in my room so that the great mind should remain undamaged by frivolous downstairs talk. Every writer will perceive how lucky I have been in my mother.

Each afternoon at precisely four o'clock I came down to the sitting-room, bringing with me the day's three type-written pages. And there already waiting was a big fire and a big tea and my mother with her knitting to hand, and my little brother, as he then was, just in from school. Sometimes an aunt or two turned up as well to hear how the enterprise was getting along. As soon as tea was done I read aloud to them the latest instalment; and, immodest and unbecoming though it may appear, I must confess that we all, unfailingly, thought it was *wonderful*. The dismal doubts of authorship, those inevitable sighs and groans and pains and griefs, were reserved for later. Then was a sort of honeymoon time. The atmosphere was warm with admiration. We were all so pleased that this book was going forward, and every day getting fatter and fatter and more and more full of chapters. In the evenings, mildly relaxing, we did the crossword. Soft words only were spoken. Good temper abounded. I do not believe I ever mended stockings or washed up or did anything tiresome whatsoever. I suppose I was spoilt. It was very pleasant, in any case, and lasted for about four months, and during those four months I scarcely went outside the garden or saw another soul. Conditions for writing never could, I am afraid, be so ideal again. Nor can I imagine any happier way of tunnelling through a winter towards the spring: wanting something very badly and doing what one most likes doing—in my case, writing—to get it. More than that, it was really a nostalgic indulgence to sit, as I did, for hours and hours thinking over that dire journey I had so often made by canal from London to Birmingham, to Coventry, and back again to London, creeping northward with steel and southward with coal, in and out of every season for the little lifetime of two years. The Grand Union Canal: it sounds impressive—and it sounds as well, I think, a little dull. It never was. I loved it dearly and thought it beautiful every inch of the way, and so I still think it.

Remembering the Touch of Things

All the same, when it came to writing I found I had forgotten a good deal. Events were easy enough to remember, but faces were harder, especially the faces of what were ambiguously called the trainees—war-time emergency measures, like myself: girls. There had been such a lot of them, for many there were that came and few that stayed that slippery course. Those who remained were rough indeed and might be counted as survivors. Quantities of young women broke their legs or their heads or merely had very serious second thoughts about the desirability of the life. They would be there for one trip, and the next they were vanished away. In retrospect they ran together like undried ink, so that I was obliged to invent the two other girls in the story and divide between them the misadventures of a multitude. Strangely enough, I found I remember the touch of things more clearly than anything else—the feel of bare feet on frosty tarpaulin, of knuckles

against the sliminess of the wall at the bottom of an empty lock. I do believe that fingers and feet can remember more tenaciously than either ears or noses, longer even than eyes.

So it was that *Maidens' Trip* came into existence, not quite a novel, hardly an autobiography, but sliding somewhere in between the two. It has, I now know, many faults: here it seems exaggerated and there overwritten; but I remind myself that I was then twenty-four, the age for overdoing everything. However, the virtues and the faults must be taken together, and even allowed to support one another: if the faults were gone, so might also the virtues be missing. It has a gusto which is suitable; written at any other time it would have been a different book.

The end of this particular story is that a publisher took *Maidens'*

Trip off my hands as soon as it was finished, and was kind enough to give me immediately enough money for me to be able to rush away to Paris, helter-skelter, just as I had always wanted. And there, exactly three weeks later, on April 1, I began my second book. It was much harder to do. I had to invent instead of remembering. I had to make people up and decide what was to become of them. In fact, with this second book I was out of the nursery and standing on my own legs in a world that I found uncomfortably wide. No narrow banks, no Birmingham, no twenty-one chapters nicely chopped and ready. But in the nursery I had gained a certain confidence which helped me very much. If one book had been written, I argued, why not two?

—Home Service

The Navigation of Birds

By G. V. T. MATTHEWS

MARKING individual birds with numbered leg-rings has shown that they return again and again to the place where they first bred, no matter how extensive their migratory movements between-whiles. For many species the wintering area is almost as circumscribed, and migration becomes a regular ebb and flow between the two 'homes'. Young birds without previous experience show this same conservatism, wintering and breeding in the areas frequented by birds from the neighbourhood in which they were reared. Such continuity through the generations is easy enough to understand when young and old migrate together, so that traditions can be learnt as the result of individual experience. But in many species the young migrate independently of the adults, sometimes travelling by different ways or considerably further. In these cases, any traditions must have some inherited basis. There is, however, no evidence that birds inherit any detailed conception of their ancestral 'homes'. In America and Germany birds transplanted as eggs or young to a foreign area and reared by foster parents of their own species have invariably adopted their foster home, returning to it when they breed. Also it has been shown that English mallard of non-migratory stock will migrate with Finnish foster-parents to the latter's winter quarters. There remains the possibility that the journey between breeding and winter quarters is in some way fixed in their inheritance.

Early observers believed in the existence of definite, narrow migratory routes. But we now know that these were due to the concentration of ornithologists rather than of birds. Organised networks of observers, particularly in Holland, have shown that the movements are really on a wide front, with the birds flying in one particular compass direction. Where natural obstacles, such as hills or the sea, are encountered, the birds are deflected from their course into a narrow stream, which broadens out again when the feature is passed. In Germany such migratory streams have been intercepted by Ruppell and others, and large numbers of the young birds caught and released hundreds of miles away to one side of the normal migration axis. Subsequent recoveries have shown that they continued their migration in the original direction, and so flew on a course parallel to the normal. As a result they wintered or bred well outside the usual range. In the following seasons the displacement was maintained by the birds.

Further, young storks were transplanted from East Prussia to the Ruhr and prevented from migrating with the native storks. When subsequently released these birds were found to migrate in a direction appropriate for their original home and different from that of their foster parents. Such inherited directional tendencies go a long way towards explaining how a stereotyped, to-and-fro migration is maintained in a population. It is not yet clear what terminates the autumn migration in the correct area. Possibly the innate duration of the

migratory urge determines, roughly, the distance travelled. Birds can also be taught to fly in any selected compass direction. This is made use of in pigeon racing, where training and release points are in one direction from the home loft.

How does the bird recognise the direction (innate or learnt) in which it is to fly? There is definite evidence that this simple form of navigation is based on the use of the sun as a compass. That is, a direction, say, south, can be determined with reference to the sun's position, allowing for its apparent movement through the day. The German worker, Kramer, has restrained migrating birds in cages and found that when the sun is visible, the birds' activities (hopping and fluttering) are orientated in one general direction, that in which they would be flying if they were free. It does not matter at what time of day the birds observe the sun, but if they cannot, if their view is restricted or the sky overcast, their movements are quite random.

Further, if by an arrangement of mirrors, the sun, as viewed by the bird, is made to appear in a different part of the sky, the birds' orientation is altered through an equivalent angle. And the bird will even orientate with reference to an artificial 'sun'. Some migration does, of course, occur when the sky is overcast, but this does not necessarily exclude sun-compass navigation. Irregular glimpses of the sun would be enough if the birds could maintain a straight course during the cloudy intervals. Somewhat similar arguments can be applied to nocturnal migrants, which could determine their direction of flights at sunset.

Some of the movements of older birds can be accounted for in this simple way. In addition, such birds will learn landmarks in the breeding and winter areas and on the journey between. But this is by no means the whole story. When these experienced birds have been subjected to migration displacement they have tended to regain their



A pack of knots photographed from Hilbre Island in the Cheshire Dee during their migratory flight south from the north arctic tundra

Eric Hosking

normal areas and not continue fixedly in the original direction. Then there is the accumulated evidence of large numbers of homing experiments carried out by more than sixty different workers. These experiments usually involve breeding birds which are removed from the nest and released at various distances and in different directions. Returns are often checked visually, individuals being distinguished by coloured leg-rings and plumage marks, but the actual recapture of the bird and the checking of its numbered ring is more satisfactory. About eighty different species have been tested in this way and have given evidence of varying degrees of homing ability. Often the birds were released at short distances, or further away but in areas which would still be known to them from their previous migratory experience. Of more fundamental interest are the many instances of birds returning from areas where they could not have been before: that is, when they are released outside the areas frequented by birds from their neighbourhood or, better, outside the known range of any of their species. One example must suffice to indicate the extraordinary journeys made by these homing birds, that of the most outstanding feat to date. A manx shearwater which I sent across the Atlantic to Boston last year returned to its nest on Skokholm Bird Observatory off Wales in twelve-and-a-half days, having covered more than 3,000 miles.

Homing Experiment

How can a bird, bereft of known landmarks, possibly return to its home hundreds—even thousands—of miles away? Any of the inherent directional tendencies that I have mentioned would be useless since home could be in any direction. For a long time it was all too readily assumed that a bird that returned in such circumstances must be gifted with some subtle navigational ability. But Wilkinson, working at Cambridge, has now shown mathematically that the results of earlier large-scale homing experiments by Ruppell in Germany and Griffin in America could be explained on so simple an assumption as that the birds were searching at random for landmarks they knew. This conclusion is based on the facts that flying birds can quickly cover great distances, and that the time between release and return was generally much in excess of that required to fly the straight line distance between the two points. The slowness of returns could, of course, be due to the birds taking their own time about the return journey. For instance, leisurely returns were noted from areas definitely known to the birds. To decide between these alternative explanations, more critical evidence was required. Some attempts have been made in America to follow homing birds by light aircraft. This method, used by Griffin and by Hitchcock, is spectacular but expensive, both in terms of money and time, and so far has not yielded clear-cut results.

However, I have obtained positive evidence of navigation, as opposed to random wandering, by the simple technique of releasing large numbers of birds, one at a time, and observing their direction of flight. In the three species used—pigeons, gulls, and shearwaters—it has been clearly shown that soon after release the birds orientate themselves approximately in the home direction, in the entire absence of known landmarks. Further, a significant number of returns have been made so swiftly that the birds could have deviated but little from the straight line home. Taken together these observations are quite definite evidence that birds are equipped with some form of navigational mechanism, which enables them to fix the release position in two co-ordinates, relative to home.

What is the nature of this mechanism? Few fields of investigation can have been so inundated with theories before even the necessity for them had been established. Only four suggestions now deserve serious consideration. The idea of a sensitivity to the earth's magnetism is an old one, and seventy years ago the Frenchman, Viguer, proposed that birds could measure directly the three components of the earth's field: intensity, declination, and inclination. As these vary regularly and independently over the earth's surface, their gradients will cross, forming a navigational grid, with any one point characterised by unique values of the components. Measurement of these at the release point would give its position relative to that of home. But there is no organ capable of acting as such a magnetometer, and there are other theoretical objections. So the idea of a direct sensitivity was replaced by one of indirect sensitivity to electrical effects produced by flying through the lines of force and varying with the intensity of the field, that is, to give only one co-ordinate of a navigational grid. Theoretically any electrical effect, whether static or dynamic, can be shown to be exceedingly small and impossible to detect against the vastly stronger electrostatic fields of the earth and clouds, or against much greater currents of physio-

logical origin in the body. The critical test is to attach small magnets to the birds' wings setting up a pulsating electro-motive force in flight to swamp any effects due to the earth. Workers in America and I myself have found that neither orientation nor homing success is disturbed. Large-scale attempts by Yeagley, in America, to get pigeons to fly to a false home with the same latitude and magnetic characteristics as the true home were also unsuccessful.

A few years ago the Danish physicist, Ising, suggested that the latitudinal component of a navigational grid could be derived from the Coriolis force, due to the increase in the sideways velocity of a body as it moves towards the equator. However, the energy produced would be extremely minute and lost against that of the general molecular motion. Moreover, the bird would have to fly on an impossibly steady course to avoid setting up spurious Coriolis forces greater than that due to the earth.

An Irishman called Murphy was the first to suggest, eighty years ago, that birds could register and record all the twists and turns of involuntary outward journey, by measures of accelerations and time intervals. As it can be shown that birds do not retrace their outward track when homing, it would be necessary to suppose that they could triangulate and fuse all the recorded changes of direction into one component, the home direction. Theoretically this is quite outside the capacity of the inner ear apparatus, which would be concerned. In practice, homing has not been disturbed by damage to the semi-circular canals, or by taking the birds to the release point in a state of heavy narcosis. Again I have found that making the outward journey fantastically complicated by rotating pigeons, continuously but at varying speeds, in a horizontal drum, has no effect on their orientation or homing success.

I myself favour a fourth theory which suggests that birds are using a method of navigation long familiar to human sailors. That is, determination of displacement north or south by changes in the sun's height at noon, and of displacement east or west by time differences—whether local noon is earlier or later than at home. This, of course, necessitates some form of internal 'chronometer'. Also, since birds can orientate at any time of day, and can have no independent compass, they must further have the ability to extrapolate the brief observed arc of the moving sun to obtain the highest point of the whole arc (noon and due south) as a reference. Unlike other theories, the requirements, though somewhat startling, are not theoretically beyond the capacity of the organs likely to be concerned. Birds have eyes well adapted to the detection of small movements and minute angular differences, and they have good memories. They also possess a good 'time sense', though we know little of its nature. Practical evidence is accumulating in favour of this theory. The species which I have found to give evidence of homeward orientation do so only if the day is sunny. If the sky is heavily clouded and the sun hidden the birds depart in random directions and homing success likewise deteriorates. Shearwaters will fly at night, but they then fail to give evidence of navigation.

There is thus no doubt that the sun plays an important part in true navigation from an unknown point. Both Kramer and I are carrying out experiments to determine whether it is used in the way I have suggested. The implicit necessity for the bird to have had a recent view of the sun at home offers one line of attack, since there are seasonal changes in the sun's noon height which simulate those due to changes in latitude. Another link to be probed is the necessary internal chronometer which might be desynchronised in various ways. Again the hypothesis would be countered if instantaneous orientation should be demonstrated. The results of investigations on these lines so far have been definitely in favour of the hypothesis, though it cannot yet be considered as finally proved.

The Sun as a Compass

To sum up our present knowledge: quite a lot of homing can be explained as the use of learned landmarks. When such are lacking, the unknown country is bridged in young birds by an innate tendency to fly in a certain direction at a particular season, using the sun as a compass. Older birds, which have had individual experience of the places they wish to reach, show true navigation in two co-ordinates. This appears to be based on some form of automatic mechanism for comparing the sun's co-ordinates at release with those at home. The romantic in us may deplore the disappearance of still another of Nature's 'mysteries'. Yet the apparent solution, if it should be finally established, will be quite as fascinating as the state of ignorance it would replace.—*Third Programme*

Pleasures of Travelling Slowly

By MORAY McLAREN

JUST missed (I use the word 'just' against the background of the immensity of time)—I just missed by a mere eighty years or so one of the most delightfully slow methods of travel that I have ever heard of from my native city of Edinburgh. For about ten years before they built the railway between Edinburgh and Glasgow, the Union Canal which joins Edinburgh to the Forth and Clyde Canal had come into existence, and they used then to run daily and nightly passenger boats between Scotland's two greatest cities. You could, if you wished, book a cabin on one of these tiny steamers for the night passage from Edinburgh, sup on board, and have breakfast in Glasgow. Or, if you wanted to make more of a jaunt out of the journey, you could go by day. There were excellent meals and wines served on board; and a fiddler was ready to supply jigs, reels, and strathspeys and waltzes whenever you wanted them.

I cannot say that that strip of land that today lies between Edinburgh and Glasgow is one of my favourite parts of the country. In fact, I find it detestable—sour, indeterminate, and featureless. Its modern air is poisoned with that peculiarly rancid, metallic smell that comes from the stale bings and rotting shale. I like to pass through this piece of Scotland with averted eyes and as quickly as possible. And yet, having arrived in Glasgow in sixty minutes, I never fail to be slightly shocked at the fact that I have made this tremendous transition so quickly. For it is tremendous. The difference between Edinburgh and Glasgow is something not to be measured by distance: it is something that few English people can understand. Not Manchester is more different from London, nor Bristol from York. I have been deprived of the essence of travel, which is slow approach, by being locked up in a little box and hurled at sixty miles an hour between two of the most characterful yet two of the most opponent cities in the United Kingdom.

At such moments of shock, when I get out at the station in Glasgow my mind goes back with nostalgia to eighty years before I was born. Then, by the slowest possible method you could steam out from under the shadow of Edinburgh's precipitous and medieval heights, you could glide through meadows as yet unpolluted, and gradually—that is the operative word—gradually feel the large fact of the then Second City of the Empire steal upon you, by the slowest possible method. No one today who reads about the engineers who design those marvellous finned tubes of metal which are modern aircraft, and of the young men who so courageously fling themselves in them across the world in a day, can fail to be impressed. Or, if they do fail to be impressed, they are sharply reminded of their duty by the popular press which seizes upon every occasion when anyone moves his body from point A to point B more quickly than anyone has done it before to bring home the moral that we are supposed to be living in the New Elizabethan Age. I am as dutifully impressed as the next man, but I am also slightly appalled. Not only are we making this pitifully small globe of ours shrink into insignificance; we are breeding a race who are in danger of losing one of the keenest delights of travel—the slowest possible method.

Do not think that this love of slow travel of mine is due to inexperience. I have travelled far too quickly far too often. And I beg of you to believe that it is no mere deep middle-aged prejudice. The gusto of travel by the slowest possible method has been with me since I was a stripling, and has never left me. When, a few years after the first world war, I became mildly adult, my parents told me to go on to the Continent of Europe and learn languages. They did not, however, give me much of an allowance to do it on. So I had to go not only cheaply, but slowly. I never regretted it, for by this means I learned to know the essential differences between places and places and between men and men, and, incidentally, between women and women.

When I went back to France for the first time after my childhood, sometime in the early nineteen-twenties, it was naturally by the cheapest and therefore slowest method, the Newhaven-Dieppe packet-boat. I recall the intense excitement as, after the three-hour sea journey, I saw the rather ugly Normandy cliffs coming up out of the sea at me. There was one particular thing that struck me as the fact of France became gradually apparent. That was the sight of the blue blouses the porters wore. In the distance they were but blue spots. Then they started moving, then gesticulating. Then I heard their voices: we were there; France was a fact; but it was a fact that had come slowly upon me. I have never forgotten those blue blouses; nor have they ever lost their appeal for me. Countless times have I revisited France and Europe between the wars; and whenever I went on pleasure, not on business, I always went by the Newhaven-Dieppe packet-boat, and each time I went I strained my eyes for the sight of the first blue blouses. It may be because I am not English but the blue blouses

of France have the same effect on me as have the white cliffs of Dover upon some other people sick for the sight of home. But the beauty of the blue blouse (so often decorating the body of a heavy-moustached garlic- and sweat-scented Normandy peasant) is that it has to come upon you slowly, first as a speck, then as a spot, and finally as an animated gesticulating thing. You cannot just walk or motor out of England slap into blue blouses.

And so it was when I got to Paris upon that now distant, timeless jaunt, when my somewhat easy-going parents just shoved me, or let me shove myself, off to the Continent. I found a room for eight francs a day (yes, eight francs) in a narrow street off the Rue Bonaparte. I had a ticket at the library, where I was supposed to do some work. But I did not do any. I just spent the winter absorbing Paris by the slowest possible method. I did not make many friends and had very little money, so I absorbed Paris through the soles of my shoes. Wandering, wandering everywhere, I slaked my intense curiosity as to the differences *within* the city, the differences of speech, manners, behaviour, custom, and so on, by just walking and peering and listening and occasionally talking rather shyly. Oh, the intense pleasure of wandering through a winter's afternoon turning into a blood-red western dusk, wandering from the crudities of the eastern



A view of Avignon across the Rhône
French Government Tourist Office

district into the sunset and the night, preferably by byways, until one reached the glittering splendours of the Champs Elysées! No one has, or ever will, absorb Paris, but I venture to think that many a hardened and more luxurious Paris-lover, in his motor-car, or his many taxis, has absorbed less of the essence of the city than did that eager, curious youth, scarcely more than a boy, who wandered everywhere, eating cheaply, drinking cheaply, talking cheaply, misbehaving cheaply, and forever feeding his endless inquisitiveness from autumn to spring by the slowest possible method.

Borne South by the Current

And then spring came, and circumstances drew me south. Whether the circumstances were vaguely connected with some job or other or were purely pleasurable, I forget: but the impulse was irresistible. I went to Lyons third class by a train that was far from a *rapide*: and when I got there found to my delight that it was possible to get from Lyons to my goal, which was Avignon, by boat down the Rhône. Believe me, this was the most enchanting way of travelling you can imagine. Like nearly everything else agreeable; it has been abolished and the service dropped years ago. But I am deeply grateful to have enjoyed one of the last voyages. It had one supreme virtue. Leaving aside the pleasures of inland water travel which always delight me, forgetting for the moment the unusual curiosity of being carried along by the current alone so that the boat's engines were used only for manoeuvring into the little jetties, or round corners, obliterating from one's mind the gay little band, the jolly food and wine, the general air of pleasure which somehow pervaded this essentially cargo boat, there was one thing about this voyage which I shall never forget, and which I am afraid I shall never enjoy again. It was the slow approach of the south upon me.

Lyons is indubitably a northern city, possibly the last large outpost of the north in Europe. Avignon is indubitably of the south. Indeed, with its ghostly papal air still hanging about it, it sometimes seems more Italian than French. Somewhere between Lyons and Avignon, the south begins. Vienne, Montelimar, Orange: no one has defined it. If you go from Lyons to Avignon by train, or by those long, straight roads on which the French have such a passion for driving so insanely quickly, or, worst of all, if you fly, the south has an irritating habit of bursting on you unexpectedly. No matter how keenly you intend to watch for it, it catches you unawares. You have been glancing at a newspaper, making your way to the dining car, doing up your shoe-lace; you look up, and the south is all around you. That is not the way to treat the south, of all things, to welcome it or be welcomed by it. It should be treated like a bottle of its own wine, sipped glassful by glassful till your whole body is filled with its exultation and its comfort. To smash your way into the south at sixty miles an hour or over, is like taking a bottle of *Chateauneuf du Pape* by the neck and swigging it off at one gulp.

I shall never forget that water-trip from Lyons to Avignon. Vaguely, I had remembered from what seemed to me then my infinitely remote childhood, certain colours, aspects, and, above all, smells of the south when my parents used to take me abroad, but I could not have defined them, could not even have properly recalled them. Oh, the intoxication of leaning over the prow of that little cargo boat and feeling something of my childhood stealing on me bit by bit until it was all around me once more. The dust on the roads grew whiter and whiter, the colours of the roof-tops began to change, the skins of the people who met us on the river-side jetties grew darker, the sun hotter and the air lazier. And the smells! But how indefinable in words it all is and was! And how much less easy to define for those who have not experienced it is the approach to it by the slowest possible method! And so on to Rome, south Germany, Austria, and other places, and eventually northwards—but always as slowly as possible.

Today there are still young and even middle-aged people who manage somehow to travel about Europe slowly, by canoe, by riding, by walking and thumbing lifts, and so on; and it is always pleasant to hear about them, though there is an air of slight eccentricity about such ventures which—I may be wrong—did not infect slow wandering in Europe in my youth. The air of eccentricity comes from the fact that most people (and it is difficult to blame them), with their miserable currency allowance, their week—or two weeks or three—chopped off frantically from the worrying year, naturally snatch at the opportunity of getting where they want to go to as soon as they can; and so they avail themselves of those finned tubes of metal which I mentioned earlier, and fling themselves into the south, or Scandinavia,

or wherever it is they want to go, then fling themselves back again.

Since the war a certain reluctance on my part to invade the jungle of modern Europe, combined, I must admit, with a reluctance on the part of the Government and my bank manager to let me do so, has impelled me to travel as much and as slowly as possible at home, and by home I mean Scotland. By water, occasionally on foot, and best of all on horseback I have got to know my own country in the last six years better than I have ever done before, just because I took it slowly. The ideal pace, I suggest, is about six miles an hour, and this is exactly what I achieved during a recent prolonged summer expedition I made through the Highlands and to the ultimate west of my own country on a hill pony. I covered from twenty-five to thirty miles a day, over open hill country, by hill tracks, drove roads, and by those faint green ghosts from the eighteenth century, those dying remnants of the Jacobite struggle—‘General Wade's roads’. Only occasionally did I have to descend on to modern motor roads when absolutely necessary, and I was well punished when I did so. Indeed my only fall (the first, I hasten to say, for many years) happened on one of these steel-blue glossy surfaces. I had dismounted to lead my beast down the steep hill to Fort Augustus. My own boots slipped on the motor polished strip, and I fell flatter than I have been for a long time on an open road, pulling my poor little mare's nose down with me with a jerk. A passing charabanc was much amused. I consoled myself by shouting to its vast and retreating behind those half forgotten but evocative lines which, if they were not suitable to my Highland surroundings, at least had a Scottish background:

If thou would visit fair Melrose aright
Go visit it by pale moonlight.
If thou wouldst visit it awrong
Go visit it by charybong.

Apart, however, from this painful and undignified incident, the journey was pure pleasure and at the perfect pace.

If I were an Englishman and a Londoner and had leisure (a rare combination, I suppose), how I would love to set out westwards under my own steam slowly savouring the differences in manner, accent, or beer, cider and the rest of it until I reached the Atlantic Ocean. Or northwards, or, nearer at hand, into that land of enchanted laziness and lovely architecture, Essex.

Ambling through Cornwall

Or, best of all, here is an idea for someone prepared to take the thing on a big scale, and sweep the United Kingdom from end to end. Call your journey ‘In Pursuit of Spring’. Begin in the Scilly Isles with the first daffodils in February. Go to the mainland by boat, of course, amble through Cornwall and up the West Country by Shropshire in cherry-blossom time, skirt eastwards round the Black Country, and then, after many delays, cross the Border and into the Lammermuir hills and taste the sharp, harsh sweetness of our Scottish April when the first trout are beginning to rise and the first sunshine begins to show itself after the dread days of our February and March. Northwards and slightly westwards through the Highlands into the longer, the warmer days, pushing the spring before you as you go. Northwards again, and take to the sea, once more, across the Pentland Firth, through Orkney, and then at last to those lovely ultimate islands of Shetland, where the spring arrives, only to die quickly into summer, some time in May.

From the Scilly Isles to Shetland in pursuit of spring and four months to do it in. Oh, how I wish I could come with you! Four months! And yet how short they would seem to me nowadays. I have praised, perhaps over-praised, the pleasure of slow travel in what I have said. But there is one form of travel which as one grows older it is impossible to take slowly—that is one's travel through time. As one deepens into deep middle-age, it is appalling to notice with what speed the days flicker by. Weeks, months, even years slip into each other with a frightening imperceptible momentum. ‘You cannot conceive, sir’, said Dr. Johnson, when someone asked him how he was; ‘You cannot conceive with what acceleration I proceed towards the grave’. The Doctor was a good deal older than I am when he said that, but I know what he meant. You cannot conceive with what acceleration even I . . . but enough of that. To those of you who are young I suggest, only suggest, the pleasures of travelling by the slowest possible method. But I do implore you to realise that, whether you know it or not, you are travelling very slowly through time. Seize upon this, enjoy it, relish it; it is one of the greatest gifts of youth.

Art

An Exhibition of Mural Painting

By ERIC NEWTON

TO 'exhibit' mural paintings is almost an impossibility. Most of them are not portable. And even those that can be moved from the interior for which they were intended to an exhibition gallery are not likely to make sense: designed for a specific architectural context, they are bound to suffer in isolation. Moreover, the purpose of a mixed exhibition is to display a variety of possibilities, whereas one of the mural painter's objects is to achieve unity. Mixed easel pictures may enhance and flatter each other: mixed murals, in juxtaposition, tend to cancel each other out. Finally (having begun with a grumble, one may as well grumble thoroughly), the question of physical size and shape makes the exhibiting of a complete scheme impossible. Mural paintings like to wander across walls and round corners, to creep up staircases and peer at one from the ends of corridors. One can, at best, exhibit commercial travellers' samples. 'This style £3 per square foot', each item seems to be saying. And even with the addition of an architect's blueprint and a helpful inch-to-the-foot sketch of a general arrangement and a colour scheme, a major imaginative effort is required to envisage what was intended.

Having grumbled, I can now praise. The members of the Society of Mural Painters have staged an exhibition at the R.I.B.A. building in Portland Place which shows that they are fully aware of all the difficulties enumerated above and have refused to be discouraged by them. It is a brave exhibition and a stimulating one. Carefully spaced out so as to do the maximum of justice to the maximum number of artists, arranged on a series of temporary walls each at an angle to the others so as to provide the maximum of separation and the minimum of competition between artists, it does succeed in making its point—its series of points. It makes, of course, the simple point that, given an artist of taste and talent (genius is not necessary), mural paintings are better than plain walls. But there is the much more important point that, for the first time since the fifteenth century, the current idiom in painting is pre-eminently suitable for mural painting, and, I would add, in a timid parenthesis, not very suitable for easel-pictures.

A short descriptive article is not the proper place for discussing the aesthetics of mural painting. I do not subscribe to the heresy that mural paintings should not punch holes in the wall by recognising the laws of perspective; but they should certainly not be easel pictures that have escaped from their frames. They are not superimposed on the wall: they are the wall just as the stained glass in a window is the window and the stitches in a carpet are the carpet. This, I fear, disqualifies Vanessa Bell's elegant suggestion for a decoration round the

proscenium arch of a theatre: she punches no holes in the wall but she tries to make one forget the wall's existence. It nearly disqualifies, for the opposite reason, Laurence Scarfe's decoration in the reception hall of an Airways Terminal which is so insistently and inventively decorative that the wall would become the most important feature of the interior. Theodore Kern's 'Tobias' panel for a school is too 'painty' and too full of movement to marry happily with architecture.

With these exceptions there are hardly any failures. There is some mediocrity and a good deal of stuff that, despite its appropriateness, is academic. But that hardly matters. To be academic is to acknowledge tradition, and the present tradition has plenty of pedestrian but healthy adherents. So also had the traditionalists of the early fifteenth century, yet they added considerable richness and meaning to the walls they decorated. Both centuries have this in common, that they are concerned with establishing meanings and not appearances. When, for example, Mr. John Hutton, in one of the most charming designs in the exhibition, shows us how the nine Muses could add significance to the entrance hall of an Arts Centre, he does not try to persuade us that a beauty chorus is entering the room by way of nine little archways. He has designed a sequence of figures who behave as rhythmically and as hieratically as the procession of saints in the church of S. Apollinare Nuovo in Ravenna. They furnish but they do not intrude. They do not compete with the human beings for whom the interior was built: they merely remind them that they are, or should be, for the moment, dedicated to muses.

Such of the designs as rely on purely abstract form create no disturbance. Mr. Clifford Ellis' gentle arrangement of superimposed melon-slice shapes to be seen at the end of a corridor, set up no 'What does it mean?' reaction. The abstract shapes are as valid as those of the architecture that contains them, but they give it just the amount of animation that it needs.

Mr. J. Platt, a young artist emerging from studenthood, has just completed two mural panels in the Working Men's College, near Mornington Crescent. They owe rather too much to Stanley Spencer and are therefore not quite a part of contemporary tradition. But they are admirable examples of how walls can be crowded with descriptive painting and yet remain walls.



'Three Muses': panel by John Hutton, part of a mural painting for the entrance hall of an Arts Centre designed by Basil Spence

The Battle of the Floods, the illustrated book describing the floods in Holland last February, has now been published by Newman Neame (price 7s. 6d.). There is an account of the way the victims of the flood were rescued and a description of the repairing of the dykes after the disaster. The entire proceeds from the sale are to be divided equally between the Lord Mayor's and the Dutch Flood Relief Funds.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Elizabeth I and Her Parliaments:

1559-1581. By J. E. Neale. Cape. 25s.

WHEN, NEARLY TWENTY YEARS ago, Professor Notestein delivered the Raleigh Lecture before the British Academy on 'The Winning of the Initiative by the House of Commons', he opened a new chapter in the study of English parliamentary history. Professor Neale has carried this investigation backwards in time by the first of his two volumes on *Elizabeth I and Her Parliaments*, and forwards in calibre by the detail and thoroughness of his exploration. In this study he treats of the parliaments from 1559 to 1581; and promises to complete the survey in another volume. It would be saying too much to claim that he has put forward 'the winning of the initiative by the House of Commons' by half a century; for during the reign of Elizabeth I, as a contemporary M.P., Arthur Hall, observed, and as Professor Neale concurs, 'the House of Commons was a new person in the trinity', of king, lords, and commons. But a good deal of the importance of this study consists in its careful tracing of debates and procedure, by which the commons are seen to be establishing the springboard for their seventeenth-century successors. Notably, their part in moulding the Elizabethan religious and ecclesiastical settlement and their continuous desire to keep it under review, the attempt of the recalcitrant Robert Norton in 1581 to 'steal the legislative initiative for the house', the tremendous oration of Peter Wentworth on the Commons' freedom of speech in 1576 and his subsequent imprisonment and apology, and the expulsion of Arthur Hall from membership of the house in 1581 and the issue by the Speaker of a warrant for a new election in his constituency, all are episodes marking landmarks in the 'great theme of Elizabethan and early Stuart parliamentary history'.

On the other side, Professor Neale affords examples to show that so long as the Virgin Queen lived (at least so far as the chronological limits of this present volume stretch) the victory in most contests between Crown and Commons lay with the sovereign. At the outset indeed, and this is one of the most revolutionary and important chapters of the book, the ecclesiastical settlement of 1559 was the work predominantly of a cohort of Puritan M.P.s, backed by their clerical brethren returning from continental exile, against the personal policy of Elizabeth. Had she had her way, the *via media* would have been much nearer to the 1549 prayer book than to that of 1552. All she could effect, however, was to resist stoutly and successfully the continuous pressure in later parliaments (for religion cropped up repeatedly in 1566, 1571-2, 1576, and 1581) for its further revision in a Puritan direction. There were of course other and equally important occasions of acute conflict between Crown and Commons; particularly when the queen resisted the iterated requests of that house in 1563 and 1566 for her marriage and the settlement of the succession, in 1572 for the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, and in 1581 for the severest legislation against Popish recusants. On all these issues Elizabeth either refused or greatly moderated the zealous demands of her faithful commons; and 'the instances are too numerous, the whole story too consistent, to leave any doubt about the personal nature of Elizabeth I's rule'.

For the details of this parliamentary history the reader must go to Professor Neale's admirable book. Enough, it is hoped, has been said to indicate the richness and variety of the fare provided. Moreover, it must be emphatically in-

sisted that this is not a book only for professed students of history. It is truly written for the general reader. For Professor Neale has become a master of his craft; and has so skilfully concealed the weight of his learning, and written in so attractive and compelling a style that he who runs may read, and with equal pleasure and profit. Scholars will have no doubt of the solidity of his erudition, as evidenced by his use of contemporary manuscript diaries of M.P.s no less than of official records; while the general reader will notice only the art of his writing.

On the Four Quartets of T. S. Eliot.

Anon. Foreword by Roy Campbell.
Vincent Stuart. 10s. 6d.

The anonymous author of this sixty-page essay sets out to supply 'a guide to the inner meaning of an incomparable poem'. His qualifications lie in having had the kind of experiences the poem describes, and he confines his interpretation within the bounds of a personal vision.

In eschewing the literary approach he is surely very wise. Mr. Eliot has given us the hint 'The poetry does not matter', and that should be a warning against the fossil-hunting expeditions which 'The Waste Land' excited. There our understanding of the poem was enlarged by, if not practically dependent on, a knowledge of European literature in general and two anthropological works in particular; in fact the experience the poem recorded included experience of literature. Here, though, the experience recorded—a moment of mystical illumination leading out of human consciousness in time and space—is as available to the illiterate as the intellectual. Again, whereas the obscurity in 'The Waste Land' was wilful—a deliberate and savage echo in language of the disintegration of a culture—in 'The Four Quartets' it is involuntary; it is a result of 'the intolerable wrestle with words', the attempt to describe the divinely given in human terms.

In its preoccupation with the message of the poet this book is helpful and, on the whole, illuminating; and the poem read after it comes home with renewed impact. Particularly well revealed is the element of progress, the way the initial experience in the rose-garden develops and ripens in meditation. It is this (which is hard to see at first reading) that saves 'The Quartets' from appearing no more than four loosely related circlings round a single theme, echoing each other in imagery, but almost self-contained. The progress of the four seasons, for instance, which the author mentions in passing, may not have been noticed before. Skilfully brought out, too, are the stages of the spiritual journey prompted by the 'illumination' in 'Burnt Norton', hinted at as impending in 'East Coker' by 'the vast waters', actually in 'The Dry Salvages', and ended by a sense of homecoming in 'Little Gidding'. The comments on the poem as a whole are the most fruitful: individual passages are not shirked, but they are not always made much clearer. The explanations offered of the especially cryptic lyrics leave us just as puzzled, but not as excited as the poetry itself.

The foreword praises the book for its lack of literary jargon. It is, indeed, freshly personal and sincere. At times sincerity may take on a homiletic tinge, while the author bewails the lot of the unenlightened or carries Mr. Eliot's thought in directions and to lengths which that master of 'If and Perhaps and But' might hardly approve. At times the mystical poetry may seem to have been turned into mystical prose, merely losing what clarity the context

gave it. But the essay is alive and valuable; perhaps less valuable to the rationalist lover of poetry than to those personally concerned with the path of illumination. But that, after all, applies to the poem as well.

The Sea Coast. By J. A. Steers.

The Weald. By S. W. Wooldridge and F. K. Goldring.

Collins New Naturalist. 25s. each

Those responsible for these attractive volumes with their lovely plates, many of them based on colour photographs, have already shown that they are extremely wide in their interpretation of natural history. Not only have they dealt with both animals and plants, but they have encouraged authors to deal with their environments and not infrequently have gone even further, dealing with the environment and its origin, and making only casual reference to the life which it supports. As a result those who wish to learn of the countryside and its evolution as much as those who wish to know about its animals and plants will find much to interest them in this series! The two volumes which we are here describing are admirable examples of works whose interest for most of their readers will be rather in the growth of the region than as the background of its animal and plant inhabitants.

The Sea Coast is by the Professor of Geography at Cambridge, and as the shores have attracted him in most of his original work, it is at once apparent that we are in the hands of an expert. A few years ago he compiled a more compendious account of the coasts of England and Wales in which he broke much new ground. In the present volume he has also included Scotland. In covering so much, therefore, only a very broad survey can be attempted; either selected examples must be taken as illustrations of the whole or a general summary must be given omitting much of detailed importance. It is a difficulty which raises acute problems, but Professor Steers has met it by making his chapters provide the summary and within many of them describing the examples.

The coast line is the seaward edge of the land and its position is only temporary. In the past it may have advanced or receded or even done both at different times. To understand the coast it is necessary therefore to know something of the adjoining land. This may be elevated or depressed; where high land reaches the coast there are likely to be cliffs, where low land, either an inlet or an area of recent deposit. This interdependence of the structure of the land and the form of the coast is fully realised by Professor Steers. The short chapter might however have been extended, for one fears that some readers may be left with insufficient guidance about the land before approaching the often related problems of the shore.

This is particularly true of any discussions which deal with clifffed coasts built up of solid rocks. In most areas it appears to the reviewer that the ordinary visitor is attracted more by cliff features than by those resulting from deposition, and it is just here that the book is less complete. Even in the chapter on erosion and accretion, the figures relate almost entirely to the newer unconsolidated deposits, and one misses here the analysis of the factors which determine the forms of cliffs, though it must be said that much of this is dealt with in later chapters. These include one long chapter on the shores of parts of Britain which will be particularly useful.

JUST PUBLISHED

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The period covered by this biography is the first 25 years of Lucrezia Borgia's life, during which time she was three times married. This serious account, however, is necessarily the story of the whole family of Borgia in the period during which it reached the height of its power. No attempt is made to whitewash Lucrezia, nor on the other hand is her story sensationalised. This is a sound authoritative biography.

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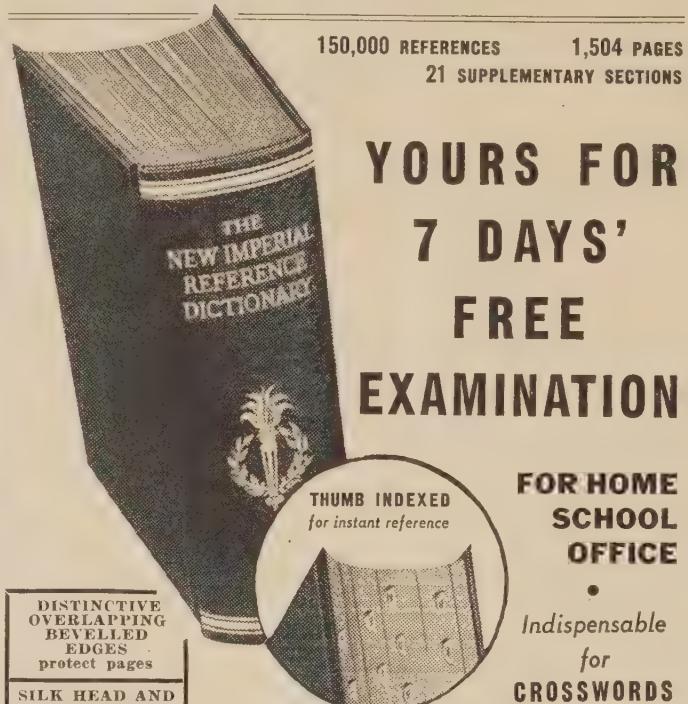
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So, too, will be the sections on the formation of sand and shingle spits and salt marshes, which are presented with all the attractiveness that would be expected from the writer. The volume concludes with an important chapter on the elevation and depression of shore lines.

Professor Woolridge and Mr. Goldring had a much less difficult task, for they were narrowly confined to one piece of England, to an area which is classic in the history of physiography and on which at least one of the authors has been writing for many years. We have, therefore, an account of this corner of south-eastern England prepared for us by those familiar with its story, illustrated generally by plates which serve to show the country and by diagrams so simplified that they present clearly just what they are intended to show. The evolution of the Weald is traced from the earliest days, before indeed the rocks of the area were formed. The growth of the rivers and their relation to folding is perhaps the most outstanding lesson that has been learned from the study of the Weald, with the insistence that must be placed on the nature and extent of erosion. So the book proceeds logically, from the rocks and their formation and folding to the rivers and the sculpturing of the land, to the coast and its relation to the land, to the soil, the water, the vegetation and the animal life. Then, since each in its turn depends on rocks and relief and structure, to the archaeology and the villages and towns, and so to the agriculture and the industries. One topic the authors for some reason fail to mention, namely, the coal-mining industry, to which a few lines might appropriately have been devoted, for like other industries before it, it springs from the underlying rocks (though this time at a greater depth) and has led to population changes. This is however a minor point, and its very insignificance serves to emphasise the completeness with which the authors have carried out their task.

Poems of Michael Drayton. Edited by John Buxton

Routledge and Kegan Paul: 'The Muses' Library'. 2 vols. 30s.

'Michael Drayton . . . among scholars, soldiers, poets, and all sorts of people is held for a man of virtuous disposition, honest conversation, and well governed carriage; which is almost miraculous among good wits in these declining and corrupt times'. Very little is known of Drayton's private life, and nothing that is known runs counter to this testimony of Francis Meres. True, he was with Shakespeare and Ben Jonson at that 'merry meeting' when, according to tradition, Shakespeare caught the fever from which he died; but the tavern of his choice, the Devil and St. Dunstan, in whose Apollo room his literary circle was wont to gather, is not known as the scene of any of those brawls and high revels with which we associate so many of his contemporaries. From an early age he was a dedicated poet, and his main preoccupations seem to have been his poetry and the selfless devotion to Anne Goodere which he immortalised in his fine sonnet-sequence 'Idea'.

In his own day Drayton was named Golden-mouth, and as a poet he seems generally to have been ranked with Sidney and Spenser. In more recent times he has suffered something of an eclipse; he has become one of the poets whose names are more familiar than their poems. Although he wrote with some success in almost every poetic genre favoured by the Elizabethans—most felicitously in pastorals of various kinds—he was pre-eminently a historical and topographical poet, and no doubt historical novels make easier reading than historical poems. Yet Drayton's narrative verse has speed and vigour, and his amatory and pastoral poems are

at their best marked by grace and delicacy and subtle musical effects; and if he rarely shows himself capable of 'that fine madness which', as he tells us, 'rightly should possess a poet's brain', he certainly deserves to be known for more than his usual anthology pieces. The appearance of a wide selection of his non-dramatic poetry in two handy volumes of the Muses' Library should be received with general pleasure.

Drayton was an extremely prolific writer, and in 700 pages it has not of course been possible to give many of his longer poems or poem-sequences in full. Obliged to select, his present editor, Mr. John Buxton, has wisely decided to cut down primarily on the long historical works, of which he includes 'The Barrons Wars' and 'Robert, Duke of Normandie' without excision, and four of the 'Heroicall Epistles'. It is a pity that the space at his disposal has not allowed him to give more than a fifth of 'Poly-Olbion', for the reader's enjoyment of any particular section of this vast topographical poem, the greatest work of its kind in our literature, is bound to be affected to some extent by his acquaintance with the part of England at that point being described. However, drastic cutting here has made possible the inclusion of a more generous selection of the pastorals, odes, and sonnets.

The Wildes of Merrion Square

By Patrick Byrne. Staples. 10s. 6d.

This is the third biography of Oscar Wilde's parents since the end of the war. *Victorian Doctor*, a study of the father by T. G. Wilson, was probably the best. Mr. Patrick Byrne's study is a racy sketch of the family, which aims more at bringing the parents to life than at writing good history. The lives are worth both kinds of treatment. Sir William Wilde was, in a slightly repulsive way, a fascinating person. He never washed, and yet he was knighted for his services to medicine. He held a free dispensary for the poor of Dublin, which gave him the reputation that earned him a fortune from the rich. He habitually had affairs with peasant girls, and is known to have had many illegitimate children. He suffered terribly, and was the cause of suffering. Two of his natural daughters were burned to death at a party. He was naturally industrious, and combined his work as the leading ophthalmic surgeon of his time with the writing of books on archaeology. He was short, dishevelled, and facially coarse. He came from a petty-gentry family, of the sort typified with loving disgust by Somerville and Martin Ross in *The Real Charlotte*. He built, and spent much of his time at, two country retreats in the west. Moytura House is a plain, dingy Victorian villa which looks down a high sward to morasses of undrained fields that spread into a vast lake made fragmentary by islands. The other was a depressing, rather squalid bungalow on a peninsula that looks gothically mournful in its lake. Here among cairns and legends, salmon and tenants' daughters, Sir William cultivated the scenic romanticism of his time. His guide to Lough Corrib is stained with purple enthusiasm. Yet Mr. Byrne might have quoted from this document of the period, for it belongs to the origins of a cult which later involved Yeats and Synge.

Lady Wilde belonged to the same class, but to its Dublin division. She had literary ambitions but no talent, and wrote much bad verse in her youth; though she once contributed to the Irish *Nation* she had no political intelligence. Fine and dignified in appearance, she held a successful *salon* in Merrion Square, affecting candlelight in the afternoon; but she had little social or intellectual discrimination. After her husband's death in 1876 she moved to London,

and lived to see her son's imprisonment. Though she had little money, she preserved a replica of her *salon*. She managed well, considering that her carpets were full of holes, and the plaster peeled from the almost unlit walls. This was the background, or rather this was the parental situation, from which Oscar Wilde sprang. Their social position was always a little uncertain. At one period it was really threatened. Sir William had one mistress who resented his usual treatment of a cheap pay-off, and persecuted him from a deep-rooted jealous passion, eventually finding a pretext to sue Lady Wilde for libel. From the witness-box she accused Wilde of using chloroform to rape her during a consultation. The Travers case became the most scandalous case of the century in Ireland, just as Oscar's case was to be in England.

Mr. Byrne has told these stories and others in a readable way. He has not added much to our knowledge of the characters. He has tended to evade perception by dramatising the situation. It is surprising that he should know, and not tell us how he knew, that on a certain night when he arrived home Sir William Wilde 'mixed himself a stiff whisky'. This gingering of the legend only annoys an intelligent reader.

Art and Social Life. By G. V. Plekhanov.

Lawrence and Wishart. 21s.

At a time when materialism is the official doctrine of one half of the world and is an almost meaningless term of abuse in the other, the works of Plekhanov should be studied with care. Plekhanov occupies in the patristic literature of Marxism a place not unlike that which Clement of Alexandria holds among the fathers of the Church. Like Clement, Plekhanov is honoured despite the fact that his orthodoxy has been seriously questioned, like Clement he was a man of culture who tried to unite his taste for the arts with his polemics in favour of a new system of belief. Unlike Clement, Plekhanov writes in a lucid and agreeable manner. The present volume does not show him at his best: it consists of two essays and a collection of open letters which, unfortunately, are fragmentary. The doctrine that he teaches has served as the basis upon which Lunacharsky and later theorists have built; for that reason it is of the first interest, but it is a far less impressive and persuasive work than the 'Defence of Materialism' or the 'Role of the Individual in History'.

Plekhanov begins by arguing from the behaviour of savages and then, at a later stage, from that of a few exceptional painters and writers; he does not seem to realise that, in so doing, he has entirely shifted the basis of his argument, in that the exceptional artist is not necessarily a typical representative of his society, as the savage artist is of his. The fault is obscured by the fact that, in dealing with the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, he can find a very close correspondence between certain social, or political, tensions and the development of the arts; but it emerges when he expounds his theory and when he comes to consider the arts in his own time. His thesis, as developed in the later essays, is that the artist cannot avoid expressing a social viewpoint and that his work, if it is to have aesthetic merit, must have an element of truth. If it expresses the views of a class which, in its own interest, is trying to falsify the facts, then it will be a bad work of art. The insuperable difficulty of such a theory is that it leaves much architecture and nearly all applied art out of account. But even within its own narrow limits, the theory results in an impossible classification. The aesthetic system which places Greuze, Courbet, and Constantin Meunier (who all expressed the aspirations of a resurgent class) in one category,

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Comment
on crime

CRIME, violence, vice are with us more than ever before. It would be foolish for a newspaper to ignore them. The Manchester Guardian does not ignore—neither does it unduly emphasise.

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while Boucher, Sir John Millais, and Braque are placed in opposition to them, is quite unrelated to any normal aesthetic experience.

The 'Letters without Address', although they may in some degree be invalidated by our greater knowledge of primitive man, come much nearer to providing an efficient theory. Here the writer is dealing with works of art which provide the basis for valid social generalisation,

the popular art of an aesthetically homogeneous society, and here he can show how ideas of value can, through primitive methods of social ostentation, be found at work in the very structure and fashioning of works of art. Here the aesthetic and social categories correspond to the notions of refinement and finish belonging to both economic and aesthetic theory. Such an approach remains possible at every stage of his-

torical development and could, if pursued, have saved the writer from a method so purely ideological that it entirely neglects the aesthetic impact of the Industrial Revolution. If Marxist theory is today incoherent and self-contradictory the fault lies, in part, with Plekhanov who, stumbling past a promising line of thought, missed his way and led both his followers and his opponents into error and confusion.

New Novels

The Passing of a Hero. By Jocelyn Brooke. Bodley Head. 8s. 6d.

Casino Royale. By Ian Fleming. Cape. 10s. 6d.

The Judgment of Paris. By Gore Vidal. Heinemann. 15s.

Coronation Summer. By Angela Thirkell. Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.

MY favourite type of *memento mori* is the school hero who collapses like a punctured football bladder the moment he leaves school. Full of honours, worshipped by fags and condescended to by pedagogues, a stickler for responsibility and a passionate interferer, off he goes on his last morning, like Achilles in a boy-scout uniform, off he goes with a tear in his eye and a glow of gratitude in his honest heart, yes, off he goes with the band playing and the school flag flapping . . . and then . . . and then . . . well, what? Perhaps he just survives his university days, but soon enough comes creeping doom, a faint breath of fear beneath that rugged exterior to warn him of something amiss. Nothing he can put a finger on, of course. His rugger form is unimpaired, his modest bed untainted, his view of life as steady as ever it was: but, somehow, no one takes much notice of him any more, the most loyal friends can be seen shrinking at his approach. The world has become curiously hostile; and the summer skies beneath which he capers so gorgeously in his flannels seem to lower with some appalling, if immature, Nemesis decreed by gods he does not know. His brain will never be able to interpret the writing on the wall: in fact he has finally been found out for the priggish, narrow, dowdy bore he always was, the delight of schoolmasters, tolerable, if only just, to duns. But now the World, cruel and fastidious critic, has weighed him in the balance and found him wanting; puzzled and hurt, he creeps away from the World to haunt the studies and touchlines of his youth, to pass into a middle-aged week-end pest, a futile bag of sloppy, now rather gin-sodden, memories of green fields.

To this delicious theme Jocelyn Brooke's *Passing of a Hero* does very fair justice—with an additional touch of plausible malice, whereby the hero is given intellectual pretensions sufficient to enable him to write a Public School Novel about Difficult Friendships. Furthermore, in this case, he is rich enough to survive more self-confidently than many comparable specimens, and is in a position (parliament) to unleash his stupidity on others. And then he dies gloriously in the war and not from the usual cirrhosed liver . . . But all in all it is the old story of what happens to clean-limbed youth when its limbs retain only the cleanliness and no longer the shapeliness which was the real cause of admiration. It is the story of *mens vana in corpore vane*—a silly mind in a pointless (and loveless) body. Mr. Brooke may be accused of too dainty writing but he is largely redeemed by dry wit, shrewd pointing, and a civility of tone which only emphasises the venom of his utterance.

Ian Fleming makes his bow as a kind of supersonic John Buchan. The old place held by the good-form thriller is mostly filled these days by offerings from the Chase-Cheyné-Chandler school which, while well enough as a Mrs.

Grundy bait, deal with tough, gutter killings rather than the more refined and upper-class aspects of the subject. All honour, then, to Mr. Fleming for taking the best elements of the Cheyney method (speed, controlled savagery, a pungent and sceptical idiom) and yet combining them with the more spacious and gracious atmosphere of old-style international intrigue—monocles, medals, and milordos. Mr. Fleming is a Cheyney with a Sandhurst accent; or, the other way round, a Buchan who has cut his usual ration of gillies, peat fires, and happy marriages with frigid girls in tweeds.

Casino Royale concerns an agent of the French Communist Party who has unofficially invested the party funds in a chain of brothels. This would normally be a profitable idea, but hardly have the *maisons* got into good shape when the celebrated Act, product of the interfering mentality of a woman member and the flaccidity of her colleagues, declares all such houses outlawed throughout France. The funds thus decimated, the agent (*Le Chiffre*) follows the traditional form and takes to the Tables; and at this stage Mr. Fleming hits on the brilliant if improbable notion of having the British Secret Service send out an expert gambler who, it is hoped, will defeat *Le Chiffre* at baccarat and thus precipitate a financial scandal to the great discredit of the Communists. There follows a deal of champagne-drinking, bomb-throwing, relentless pitting of wits, etc., but in the end the Englishman wins the smackeros—together with the affection of a female colleague. We conclude with a cretinous love-affair and a palpably artificial last-minute twist; but not before we have had a car-chase, a torture scene, and a rather witty disquisition on the ethics and *mystique* of spying.

All this may sound commonplace enough, but it must be very firmly said that Mr. Fleming tells a good story with strength and distinction, and that, although his creation of character is infantile, his creation of a scene, both visually and emotionally, is of a very high order indeed. On the discount side, we have a clumsy ending and also the torture scene, which is really too monstrous to be excused even by its ingenuity: against these we have a splendid exposition of the rules (and philosophy) of baccarat, a notable descriptive sequence of this noble game being played, and the recipe for a real *empereur* of cocktails. Mr. Fleming really understands the despair, the triumph, the *greed* involved in gambling—which is tantamount to understanding life itself; and as for his cocktail (which, in the interests of literature, I have tried myself) it transcends life and is celestial.

Gore Vidal has written a modern version of the myth of Paris and the apple, and at first sight it promises very well. A young American, good-looking, intelligent, appears in Italy on his tour, and we are duly shown many entertaining aspects of Italian life which seem reserved

for such fortunate people. He then meets the first of his 'goddesses' (the one that offers power), rejects power but takes the goddess, has a nice, exciting little novelette affair right under the husband's insensitive nose, and proceeds on his way to the next goddess, who offers learning, a commodity he again rejects in favour of the goddess herself, and then goes on . . . just like this sentence, which he inspired, without any aim, point, perceptible character, or indeed anything to be said for him except that he looks nice. He doesn't exist. He helps himself to another goddess, and still doesn't exist. He is a silly, vapid, tedious, self-centred young man, and he is a disgrace to a novel which, apart from him, is witty, informative, and gay. For Mr. Vidal has a pretty, inconsequent, non-derivative humour: he is *not* writing a pastiche of Norman Douglas: he knows Italy, likes and understands the people, and has a minor originality both of thought and style. Perhaps he should have written a travel-book—or else a novel without a hero so typical of his native country—like potted meat in a sterilised packing of transparent paper.

There are two good reasons for resenting most of Angela Thirkell's novels. First, she shamelessly grabs Trollope's county of Barsetshire and peoples it with the supposed descendants of Trollope's characters; and, second, she is for ever grumbling about the importunate ascendancy of the working classes with a petulant bad taste that is not likely to mitigate that evil. In *Coronation Summer*, however, she sets her scene in the London of 1838, and she is discussing a period during which the position of the gentry was satisfactory and unquestioned—or at least unassailable. Freed, then, from the charges of plagiarism, and having no opportunity for snarling about the urban proletariat, Mrs. Thirkell has written a pleasant, nostalgic, and very clever book about a family in town for the coronation of the young Queen Victoria. Research is assisted by imagination; and even a rather blush-making patriotism is offset by the considerable personal malice of the protagonists. There are some excellent descriptions of scenes and spectacles of the day, supported by reproductions of famous and apposite prints; and a considerable and, I think, successful effort has been made to evoke the manners, types, and idiom of the time. Gratitude is due to Mrs. Thirkell for revealing her true merit and for leaving Barsetshire in peace—where, I pray, she will now leave it for good.

SIMON RAVEN

We have received from Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode a copy of *The Form and Order of Service of the Coronation of H.M. Queen Elizabeth II* in Westminster Abbey on June 2 (price 1s. 6d.). From Novello comes a photographic facsimile of the official edition of the service with music (price, in stiff covers, 8s. 6d.; in paper, 5s.).

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

TELEVISION

Larks and Eagles

IT IS NICE to come back to television and find it not a dream, not an illusion, but exactly what one remembered; puppets, a horse race in a Scotch mist which mysteriously robbed us of sight at the crucial moment, a lady playing the piano from all possible angles (or rather, seen from all possible angles while playing it), and a lot of energetically revived-looking drama.

In the last case, I think television takes a rap it does not altogether deserve: if people are bored by Rostand and Bernard Shaw, it is not the fault of the new home entertainer. If people are bored by a play called 'Moonshine' which we sat out doggedly on Sunday night, it may only be that they are, like me, too stuck-up and art-sated. Not that the little piece had much to say for itself. It was upon that subject dear to the minor sort of seaside drama; *viz.*, the pixilated auntie who either by magic powers



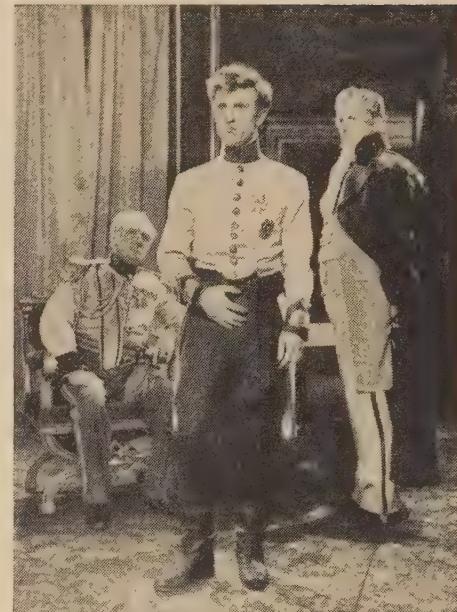
'Charles B. Cochran Presents . . .' on April 6: Dennis Price as Noel Coward and Frank Lawton as Sir Charles Cochran

(as here) or by sharp, spinsterish wisdom (as elsewhere) sets a suburban household first by the ears and finally to rest. If I have seen this 'eccentric comedy' by John Coates before, I must apologise for imagining it to be a novelty; it left, anyhow, even this time, only the mildest dint on my spirit. (Any little gems which I may have missed in it, I can garner at the second performance on Thursday.) This last Sunday, however, it came at us with the dogged vitality of a wet Monday night at the local Rep. Determined to enjoy what the actors were determined we should in any case have to try to enjoy, we watched in a sort of hypnotised calm the chubby playboy son make bets on the 'phone, the suburban vamp at her wiles, and Mr. and Mrs. Family Comedy heavily preparing the ground for the arrival of comic auntie (trick effect with broomstick rearing up on its own).

For the first few minutes Miss Mary Merrill, a most brilliant and delightful performer, seemed about to transform not merely the family's fortunes but also our

Sunday at home; she was most amusing, and long after the author had stopped giving her much help, she kept at it. Sympathy for her finally overtook us; in the case of some of the other members of the household, sympathy became an obliterating flood. Poor young Mr. Bryan Forbes, for instance, had really nothing to do but put his hands in his pockets and make faces which looked as if he would like to whistle but had forgotten how to. Two young ladies, one pixilated like the aunt, the other soulful with an appropriately soft hair line, were nicely played (if that is the word) by Elizabeth Henson and Anna Turner, and the amazed parents were presented with eye-aching stares and roof-raising eyebrows by Mr. Ivan Samson and Miss Barbara Couper. Mr. Samson could have acted this part in his sleep, but kept wide awake; though I fancied he, too, could have done with a few more lines and ideas towards the end of the evening. Hard to drop bricks with never a wisp of straw anywhere. Miss Couper is never happily cast as a ninny; very clever actresses can act fools, of course, but the wording of this mamma's part suggested a woman not merely dull but vulgar, which is beyond this gifted actress's natural range.

Was this lark perhaps meant as a peace offering for last Sunday's Eaglet, a 'turkey' as far as my critical colleagues have been concerned? I did not myself find 'L'Aiglon' quite as bad as all that. Comparing Sunday birds, I would say up with the Eagle and down with the Lark, every time. True, Rostand's bird is a tough proposition. And perhaps one should not have too many of these problems on the screen. But in some ways television is blameless. If 'L'Aiglon' does not go on the screen it may be only for the reason that 'Rigoletto' does not go on the screen; it spreads



'L'Aiglon', with (left to right) Milton Rosmer as Franz I, Emperor of Austria, Martin Starkie as the Duke of Reichstadt, and André van Gysegem as Metternich

its wings and keeps trying to take off, when it is not taking on: the essence of a good television play is that it should take root. But the chief complication is the lady-boy hero, a part written largely to display the uttermost range, ultimate tantrums, and the *silhouette encore désirable* of many an elderly tomboy of the Paris stage. When Mme. X or even Miss Y gave it the works, we all sat bowed in a kind of horror-struck admiration; it was in its way as grandiose and unlaughable as Frau Z in the boy-girl disguise of Fidelio. But it was all the better for a little of the distance that lends enchantment, which is so seldom vouchsafed in television plays and so often in television horse races. As for Mr. Martin Starkie, he had a most unenviable task, in dead Sarah's high-heeled boots. As a passive actor he recently showed us how moving he could be as a dumb, condemned soldier. As the fancy eaglet he was overacted. Old Flambeau was jovially done by Wilfrid Lawson, *mort bleu!* but is not very embarrassing the ear-tugging episode, my old?

Perhaps the television moguls were here influenced by the surprising success of this old warhorse recently on sound radio; as they are constantly being told that 'finally the writing is what counts in television', they can hardly be blamed for showing a willingness to learn by proof and disaster.

Yet, better Rostand than 'Half Seas Over', another lark of the Moonshine class; better Rostand, too, I think, than Bernard Shaw below par. Something, I suppose, must explain the enduring popularity of the Catherine playlet; is the situation perhaps found sexually



'Great Catherine', with James Drake as Captain Edstaston, Anne Manghan as Varinka, Frederick Valk as Prince Patiomkin, and Horace Sequeira as the Sergeant

piquant in some quarters? As the exposition of ideas, it strikes me as rather embarrassing as well. But the production in this case was excellent, and Mary Ellis, Frederick Valk, and James Drake were well up to the task.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

BROADCAST DRAMA

Gods and Little Fishes

IT COMFORTED some of us to find that the 'World Theatre' version of the 'Electra' of Euripides (Home) was Dr. Gilbert Murray's. Modern fashion has been ungracious to the scholar who restored the Greek plays to our theatre. We have had, in the nature of things, several efforts by other translators, some intermittently true, some labouring; none with the excitement, the impetus, of Murray's rhyme. Maybe he is Swinburnian; maybe he uses ten words when one austerity would do. The point is that his translations can hold the ear. With Murray we are not assisting at an archaeological 'dig', grey ritual: we know the spirit of Athens, 'city of light', at the day (as one of our finest modern critics has written) of the 'primal, sudden, and superb thrust at civilisation that sprang from the waters of the Ionian Sea with the flash of a sword and the beauty of a flower'.

I shall remember the latest 'Electra' (producer, Peter Watts) for its quality of excitement, held from the minute the Peasant (Stephen Jack) uttered his prologue, to the last splendour and pity of the judging god: Valentine Dyall spoke Castor in a majestic thunder-peal. It was strange once more to compare the 'Electra' of Sophocles, who had no doubt at all that the murder of Clytemnestra was just, with the sterner decree of Euripides that it must be a deed of darkness. Joan Hart's voice, as Electra, could offer both 'the flash of a sword and the beauty of a flower': more often it burned like red-hot coal. This was a strong performance. Only the Chorus of Argive Women, its vocal line (I felt) strangely blurred at times, disappointed me in a production that must have made many converts to classical tragedy.

Gods to little fishes, Argos to Fowey, Electra to 'Paul Temple and Steve Again' (Light). This time Francis Durbridge's dear people involved themselves in an adventure that meant a trip on a plausible Cornish ferry, a visit to a gift-shop in Polperro, a rail journey to Harwich, and the receipt of a postcard from Amsterdam with the words, 'First round to you, Mr. Temple, but we shall meet again'. I am sure we shall. Kim Peacock and Marjorie Westbury know their way about these bypaths. For the rest, I recall a nice let's-be-sure exchange between Temple and a police inspector: 'He did smoke!'—'You mean, he wasn't a non-smoker?' And I am afraid that no one who heard the play can ever feel the same again about Cornish grocers and Harley Street specialists.

I enjoyed this more, on the whole, than 'Sir Walter Raleigh' (Light). This exercise in tushing, by William and Thorp Devereux, seemed to be at once more self-conscious and less disarming than 'Henry of Navarre'. 'What are these, Walter?'—'Just a few withered rose-leaves given me by a woman'. In spite of David Farrar's resolution, the warm satin voice of Pamela Alan, and the sound of Phyllis Neilson-Terry's Elizabeth crying 'God's body, man!' or 'Sir Amyas shall lose his head for this', I did not want to shout 'Bravo!' All the while I waited for a musical score by Edward German.

If 'Raleigh' appeared to be England disguised, rather badly, as a kind of Ruritania, Marghanita Laski's feature, 'The Worm in the Rose'

(Third) tried, wearily, to take us to Ruritania today. It was a satirical glance at the old home, now a scruffy place with rats disintegrating in the Strelsau gutters, a grimy English Club, intrigues about caviar concessions, and locals who can think of nothing better to say, after a bit of incidental duelling, than 'You doggone limey!' This imaginary conversation was a repetitive affair, written and acted thinly. I felt better with another feature, Leslie Baily's 'Scrapbook for 1902' (Light), that I had missed last December. This picture of another Coronation year, the 'Land of Hope and Glory' year, the fifteen-eggs-a-shilling year, was cunningly composed in a Vernon Harris production. But I really must lift an eyebrow at the attribution of 'leaves of hope and fear, and pride and shame...' (from William Watson's Coronation Ode) to 'the Poet Laureate of the day, Alfred Austin'.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

The Talk and the Lecture

FOR ME and, I believe, for many people, the word *lecture* has a somewhat derogatory flavour derived not only from what the dictionary says about it but even more from bitter experience. Although I have listened, in my time, to lectures so stimulating that they left me with a mind permanently enlarged, I must have heard many more that were sheer unrelieved boredom, else why this twinge of hostility at the bare mention of the word? But *talk* is another matter: the mere word stirs warm and friendly feelings in me.

And so you will know what I mean when I say that Gilbert Murray, despite documentary evidence to the contrary, is not a lecturer. He is a talker, and he talks, seemingly, without the least effort, nor, though he never raises his voice, does he demand any effort from his listeners: every word is clearly audible. And not only that. Though he speaks so quietly, his voice has great variety of expression. And the manner of his talk is like the manner. He presents his subject vividly and with a wealth of reference, but in a style so simple that the meaning is as easily imbibed and appreciated as a glass of wine. As I write I have heard two of the series of six talks he is at present giving on 'Hellenism and the Modern World', and although each lasted only a quarter-of-an-hour it had more body to it than most talks of double the length. Last week his second talk gave a fascinating and refreshing picture of Hellenic civilisation, which he compared with the arrogant self-assertion of Egypt, Assyria, and Rome. He refrained from extending the comparison to modern nations, and left us to fit the cap on ourselves.

Another interesting series which is in mid career is Bonamy Dobrée's 'Public Themes in English Poetry'. This consists of shortened versions of four of the Clark Lectures which he delivered in Cambridge recently. The public themes of which he is speaking are Stoicism and Patriotism, and so far I have heard two talks on Stoicism, in which he traces the influence of Epictetus, Seneca, and Marcus Aurelius on English poetry from the later Elizabethans down to Thomas Hardy. This investigation is, of course, of academic rather than aesthetic interest, as when the chemist detects the presence of tannin in port wine, and so it may not appeal to all who enjoy reading poetry, but none will fail to appreciate the many suggestive remarks on poets and poetry which Mr. Dobrée lets fall by the way.

In last week's 'Soviet Affairs', Helen Rapp gave an admirable talk on 'Soviet Novels since the Second World War', in which she pointed

out that characteristics which many of us have assumed to be peculiar to post-revolutionary Russian fiction were present throughout the nineteenth century when the ideas that literature should serve the state and should deal with questions of the day were already familiar to writers and critics. Her penetrating analysis of the differences and striking similarities between the outlook of the pre-revolutionary and present-day novel in Russia was extraordinarily interesting and suggestive.

The unscripted interview with René Clair, number three of 'Frankly Speaking', seemed to me a deplorable exhibition, but the absurdity and impertinence of many of the questions put to M. Clair had at least an effect for which they deserved no credit, since the dignity and perfect courtesy with which he repelled them left a vivid impression on the listener of M. Clair's personality. The unscripted interview requires for complete success that all the participants should be quick-witted, highly intelligent, and outstanding as conversationalists. Short of this, it is an uncomfortable experience for any but the toughest listener, and, as the standard declines, listening becomes more and more embarrassing, irritating, and humiliating. Isn't it high time, in short, that the unscripted interview was dropped overboard?

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

Interim Judgment

IN DEFAULT of stage productions, which must be the ultimate test of any opera, we have thus far had to make do with concert or radio performances of three of the operas approved by the Arts Council at the time of the Festival of Britain. A few weeks ago Lennox Berkeley's 'Nelson' was sampled at the Wigmore Hall, and now the Third Programme has given us excerpts from Berthold Goldschmidt's 'Beatrice Cenci' and complete performances of Arthur Benjamin's 'A Tale of Two Cities'.

The 'Tale of Two Cities' was given a full-scale radio production in a theatre, to which I was invited. It was an interesting and valuable experience to see the intricate machinery in motion, and a salutary lesson to the hearth-side listener. One is apt to forget that what one hears on these occasions is the product of an extremely complicated apparatus, in which producer, musicians, and technical experts revolve like the driving-belt and cogs and regulators of a great machine. There was also the advantage of the immediate impact of music sung and played in one's presence, and, although much of the dramatic action was inevitably nullified by the coming and going of singers to and from the various microphones, it was extraordinary how strongly the dramatic points could be made by the singers.

This in itself is a mark in the composer's favour, since he put in the points which the singers made. But I do not propose to make any valuation of the opera until I have heard the final performance, as it should be heard, at home. I will only say here that it was amply evident that the composer, who conducted the work with complete authority, obviously understands what opera, or at any rate one kind of opera, should be. His music invariably goes straight to the point, illuminating character and reinforcing the dramatic action. And he is not afraid of a good tune. He has been ably served by his librettist, Cedric Cliffe, who has reduced Dickens' complex story to operatically manageable dimensions and has rightly proclaimed his motto to be *Brevity and Simplicity*.

I wish Goldschmidt's librettist had adopted the same attitude to Shelley, reducing his rather adolescent blank verse to simple words. Such

passages as Camillo's speech in the prison, beginning 'The Pope is stern; not to be moved or bent', which, with some omissions, is set as it stands, could not and does not stimulate the composer to anything more than efficient pedestrian music. On the other hand, the lyrics inspire him to melody which, if the trio in the first excerpt and Beatrice's final song are fair samples, should bring the opera success in the

theatre. It was difficult to judge whether the monstrous Cenci, ably sung by Arnold Matters, is successfully depicted. Shelley himself remarked that anything like a dry exhibition of 'his eminently fearful story' would be insupportable, and these excerpts were insufficient to show whether, except in the case of Beatrice, the composer has contrived to 'increase the ideal and diminish the actual horror of the events, so

that the pleasure which arises from the poetry (and music) . . . may mitigate the pain of the contemplation of the moral deformity from which they spring'.

I have room only for a round of applause for Edmund Rubbra's poetic Viola Concerto beautifully played by William Primrose, for whom it was composed.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Bruckner, Mahler, and Reger

By DONALD MITCHELL

Works by these composers will be broadcast at 6.30 p.m. on April 26 (Home), and 6 p.m. on the same day, 8.40 p.m. on April 27, 9.30 p.m. on April 30, and 8.5 p.m. on May 2 (Third)

WHILE it is far from desirable to try to confine a flexible musical form within a historical straight-jacket, it is valid—and even musically illuminating—to point to certain general trends apparent in a form's historical progress. To be sure, the symphony in the nineteenth century pursued a very varied and multiple-featured course; yet everyone is familiar with the symphonic succession from Beethoven to Brahms through Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, and the line itself has attained a kind of meaningful homogeneity, for obvious chronological reasons and, of course, because of its very text-book familiarity. Nevertheless, it becomes increasingly clear that Brahms was, symphonically speaking, a distinct conservator, 'Lord Keeper of the seal of classic heritage' as P. H. Lang has it—a description which does not necessarily imply that he was a conservative—and he scrupulously avoided the resounding formal (and ethical) challenge flung in the nineteenth century's teeth by Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

It is odd, in all these circumstances, that few commentators should have remarked upon the inadequacy of the conventionally accepted Beethoven-Brahms succession and not looked elsewhere for appropriate heirs. The existence of one tradition does not inevitably mean that another may not peacefully co-exist alongside it—complementary, perhaps, rather than adjacent. But so many critics of the nineteenth century have, so to speak, been Nelsons. While they have fully recognised the succession Beethoven-Brahms, they have rigorously turned a blind eye to the possible succession Beethoven, Schubert, Bruckner (1824-96), Mahler (1860-1911), a line which, in my view, specifically continues the history of the Beethovenian symphony (forward from the Ninth, as it were) from 1824 to the early nineteen-hundreds. Bruckner and Mahler are the hitherto missing links.

This is not to neglect the importance of Schubert and Wagner for both composers. Schubert was the local filter through which they inherited their characteristic Austrianism. Wagner was an altogether obscuring factor so far as the understanding of Bruckner and Mahler was concerned, since his undoubted influence made it easy for hostile or simply ignorant critics to lump them both together as 'lumbering' Wagnerians operating without a licence in the sphere of the symphony; in fact, Wagner's significance for Bruckner was of quite another order to his significance for Mahler. For Bruckner, it is safe to say, it was, above all, Wagner's wonderful range of sonorities which he accepted whole-heartedly and yet made serve the ends of his wholly individual and un-Wagnerian genius. Mahler, on the other hand—as his Ninth Symphony shows so explicitly—took Wagnerianism and, in his role as the key-figure of late-nineteenth-century music,

developed and extended it down to the very threshold of the twentieth century, vitally assisting in that 'emancipation of the dissonance' personified in such composers as Schönberg and Berg.

In both cases, then, Bruckner's and Mahler's Wagnerianism was a means to an end, and the end was a symphonic one. Both wrote nine symphonies, Bruckner dying while his Ninth lacked a finale, Mahler leaving an unfinished Tenth. Musical history is worse than useless if it does not convince the ear, but I find it hard to believe that anyone listening to Bruckner's Ninth Symphony will not hear for himself this relationship—both formal and (though it may be unfashionable to use the word) spiritual—to Beethoven. This is particularly true of the dynamic first movement, one of Bruckner's grandest structures, which contrasts intense drama with deep lyricism and the complexity of which may surprise those who assume his music to be not more than the devotional outpourings of a simple old country gentleman; and the inspired and sometimes positively ethereal third movement (*Adagio*) supremely justifies the opinion of Dika Newlin, an American scholar, not a German or Austrian (and thus suspect!) musicologist. 'It is especially', she writes, 'the *adagios* of the Eighth and Ninth Symphonies which bear comparison with the best of Beethoven's late slow movements—were, indeed, strongly influenced by them—and which won for Bruckner the name of *Adagio-Komponist*'. To the *adagios* of what other composer can Bruckner's sublime slow movements be compared—movements which so often employ as their model the slow movement of Beethoven's Ninth?

After the security and exclusiveness (*i.e.*, non-literary content) of Bruckner's Ninth—an exclusiveness and security aided and abetted by his abiding Catholic faith—the insecurity and inclusiveness (*i.e.* his attention, as it were, to the hard facts of life) of Mahler's Ninth may appear to reduce the symphony to rags and tatters, far removed from Bruckner, and even farther removed from Beethoven. Yet Beethoven's art had both its exclusive and inclusive aspects, and his Ninth, in particular, tended to support the conception of music's all-embracing function—hence, no doubt, Mahler's famous comment to Sibelius, that 'symphony must be like the world. It must embrace everything'. Mahler's Ninth, moreover, must be considered against the background of his own previous symphonic development. He experimented and innovated as continuously in his symphonies as did Beethoven in his late quartets, from the choral Second Symphony (which stands closest to the example of Beethoven's Ninth), through the tri-partite Fifth and five-movement Seventh symphonies, to the *adagio* finale of the Ninth (*cf.* also the finale to the Third), not to speak of his introduction of progressive tonality into

his Second, Fourth, Fifth, Seventh, and Ninth Symphonies—the Ninth proceeds from D major-minor to D flat major.

We must also bear in mind that Mahler, stylistically, had one foot in the past and one in the future, and this uncomfortable, if heroic, stance, coupled with an unprecedentedly chaotic historical situation and rapidly changing social climate, was hardly conducive to serenity of spirit, temperamental and personal inclinations apart. One can only marvel at the masterful quasi-rondo structure of the Ninth's first movement which triumphantly survives all the violent stresses and strains imposed upon it by the almost destructively aggressive nature of Mahler's invention. Nothing, however, is more enlightening than a comparison of the *adagios* from Bruckner's and Mahler's Ninth symphonies. There is little that disturbs Bruckner's profound assurance; his 'beauty' is a conviction (besides being an aural reality). But Mahler's 'beautiful theme'—one of his few stylistic links with Bruckner—is assaulted and nagged at, driven into remote tonal areas and, finally, disintegrates. Thus the great 'alternative' symphonic succession expires in Mahler's fragmentary coda.

What Mahler had grasped of the future was fruitfully inherited by Schönberg, Berg, and others, and, nearest home, by Benjamin Britten. Mahler was a beginning and an end. Max Reger (1873-1916) was also a beginning, of a very different kind from, say, Schönberg's, but none the less of extraordinary importance for the music of our own day. Certainly he did not attempt to succeed to the great symphonic tradition; indeed, his whole output marked a decisive turning away from the battle-ground of the nineteenth-century symphonic field had become. He eschewed the big dramatic canvas, life-and-death struggles à la Mahler, and the posing of philosophical problems. His masters were Brahms—but the Brahms of the Haydn, Handel, and Paganini variations rather than the Brahms of the symphonies—and J. S. Bach. As a substantial influence in his music, Beethoven is conspicuously and significantly absent. His fondness for variations—of which the Hiller Variations for orchestra, Op. 100, are splendid evidence—was symptomatic of his creative approach—concentration on the thing-(or theme)-in-itself: a conscious return to 'absolute' music. His devotion to Bach and his resultant preoccupation with contrapuntal textures and techniques was one of the earliest and most enduring foreshadowings of what was to be a widespread European movement. Reger, who made a powerful impression on Hindemith, opened a long chapter in the history of twentieth-century music which has not yet been closed.

The Ninth Annual Cheltenham Festival of British Contemporary Music will be held from June 7 to June 14. The City of Birmingham Orchestra and the Hallé Orchestra will take part.

For the Housewife

Gayer Dishes with Eggs

By AMBROSE HEATH

I WOULD like to make some suggestions which ought to be useful to people who live alone as well as to those with families, because the hints I am going to give are for one egg alone, and what can be done with one egg can be done with several—just simple multiplication! But, first, just a word to those who have their meals out all the week and get their own on Sundays. Please do not take a defeatist attitude and just sit down to a boiled or poached egg. Oh, there is nothing nicer in its place, but how deadly dull it can be for the high-spot of the only meal when you can really let yourself go.

I want to talk about two main ways with eggs to make a really good dish—baked eggs and scrambled eggs. First, the baked ones. When I used to live in a Cornish village forty years ago, eggs baked in butter in a saucer or an old cup without a handle seemed quite heavenly. Nowadays progress has kindly provided us with charming little glass or earthenware dishes specially for baking our eggs, and we can make a superfine dish in them in no time.

The flattish dishes can be used for cooking different garnishes at the same time as the eggs—with chopped anchovies under it, or pieces of bacon mixed with chopped mushrooms, if you can run to it. Or you could put in pieces of cooked or bought sausage, or tinned shrimps, or tinned peas. And if you are any good at improvising a hot tomato sauce out of the bottled kind, pour a ribbon of this round the cooked egg: it will look most professional and taste all the better for it.

The taller sort of little baking dish will help to make a most attractive course for a light meal. It is first buttered—or ought I to say margarine?—and then sprinkled inside with chopped parsley and breadcrumbs mixed together, or it could be grated cheese and breadcrumbs instead. Break the egg into this, bake it, and then turn it out upside-down on to a piece of buttered toast. You could make it more amusing by spreading the toast with some sort of potted meat, as well.

If you want something more substantial, bake a large potato in its jacket, burrow out the inside, and mash it up nicely. Then put the mashed potato back inside the skin, making a good hollow in it. Break the egg into this hollow and bake it. The mashed potato could be mixed with chopped parsley, or cheese, or any other flavouring you like, and the top of the egg can always be sprinkled with a little grated cheese before it is put into the oven.

Scrambled eggs. Do not be dull with just plain scrambled eggs, but mix the beaten egg before it is cooked with something or other—chopped bacon, tiny bits of cooked sausage, or, if you like it, with fried onions, or, again, with shrimps or chopped anchovies, with curry powder, grated cheese, or chopped skinned tomatoes. If you add tomatoes, do not put in any milk, or it will curdle. A nice French way is to add some tiny and crisply fried dice of bread to the uncooked eggs. And I think I would experiment a bit with potted meat. Mix it with

the margarine before the egg is scrambled in it. There are plenty of different kinds to try.

—Light Programme

Notes on Contributors

DENIS HEALEY (page 667): M.P. (Labour) for South-east Leeds since 1952; member of British Delegation to Commonwealth Relations Conference; Secretary of the International Department of the Labour Party 1945-1952

CECIL J. ALLEN (page 674): retired in 1946 after over forty years' service as civil engineer in the old Great Eastern Railway and afterwards in the L.N.E.R.; author of *Railways of Today—Their Evolution, Equipment, and Operation*, and many other books on railway matters

W. D. WRIGHT (page 676): Professor of Technical Optics, Imperial College of Science and Technology, since 1951; author of *Photometry and the Eye*, *The Measurement of Colour*, *The Perception of Light*, etc.

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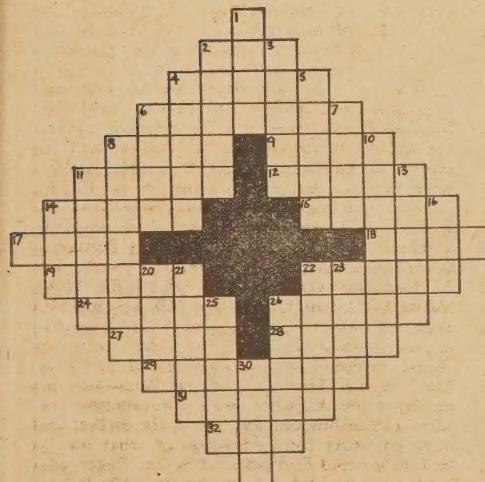
V. S. PRITCHETT (page 682): author of *Books in General*, *The Spanish Virgin*, *Marching Spain*, etc.

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|-----------------|----------------|
| 21. Innocent | 25. Freedom |
| 22. Cynical and | 26. Grievously |
| libertine | |
| 23. Delicacy | 30. Subtle |

Based on Chambers' and/or Nuttall's

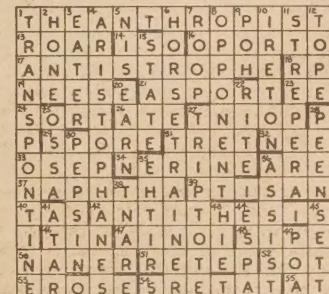
CLUES—ACROSS

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| 2. Dejected | 18. Family circle |
| 4. Exaggerate | 19. Black |
| 6. Measure of | 22. Fairness |
| capacity | 24. Dark green |
| 8. Slightly | 26. Language |
| 9. Fence | 27. Shed |
| 11. Afflicted | 28. Dear |
| 12. Tediously | 29. Obscurity |
| 14. Cloth | 31. Heraldic monsters |
| 15. Instrument | 32. Crush |
| 17. Flounder | |

DOWN

- | | |
|---------------|---------------------|
| 1. Metropolis | 8. Exciting |
| 2. Stills | 10. Enact |
| 3. Dealer | 11. Rock |
| 4. Weapon | 13. Silk |
| 5. Cake | 14. Buttocks |
| 6. Intense | 16. Cheval de frise |
| 7. Legal term | 20. Grip |

Solution of No. 1,197



Across: 13. F(jor)w(ard). 14-12D. (C)o(m)posite. 16. Proto(c)o(l). 18B. 23. Prez(dy). 19. Se(l)ene. 21. Sa(l)l(y)port. 24. (W)orst. 26. Ex(x)a(c)t. 27. (Gum)ption. 29. Pro(f)use. 31. (But)ter(y). 31. Ene(m)y. 33B. S(l)ope(d). 34. (U)n(d)er(m)ine. 38. (Z)e(b)ra. 39. P(l)aints. 40B. (V)ast(y). 42. Enthusiat. 46. Tu(m)ic. 47B. (B)o(l)ic(v)ian. 48. Spic(e). 51B. Ex(x)pert. 52. (J)o(u)st. 53. (V)e(b)o(se). 54B. (F)atters. 55. (U)m(l)ut.

Down: 2. Enc(ou)gh. 3. Tre(a)c)e. 5U. S(w)ing). 7. (D)roop. 9U. Ph(D)o(x). 11. Apert(u)res. 15. Ta(l)est. 20. (U)nreal(l). 22. (V)e(r)y. 25. Sa(m)os. 27. Trott(o)r. 28. Pen(dle). 30. (Un)sippe(d). 36. (C)as(u)ists. 38U. (G)rant. 41U. (O)ra(v)at. 43. (D)e(l)hi. 44U. (C)aspe(d). 45. Test(u)o. 49. Po(l)k(s).

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